

The Outlook

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For the first time in forty years the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, which has served as the depository of the savings of thousands of people through New England, has failed to declare a dividend. This is the natural and inevitable consequence of the recent history of that road. It is something that could easily be foreseen; nevertheless, even foreseen calamities bring hardship. This has been a real calamity to many people. And it does not relieve their present distress to know that the causes of that calamity are declared to be in the process of removal. On the other hand, it will not relieve that distress for any one to cry out against what is past, or to hamper those who are honestly and bravely trying to improve conditions.

It was for the purpose of rehabilitating the road that Mr. Howard Elliott was called, first to its presidency and then to the chairmanship of the Board of Directors. We have had occasion recently to refer to the new spirit of the New Haven road as exemplified in its dealings with its employees. We believe that even those who have suffered the most from former bad management will freely acknowledge that it is only fair to assume, until proof to the contrary appears, that the new spirit will be exhibited in the relation of the management of the road to its stockholders and to the public. The time for destructive criticism seems to us to be past. Whatever criticism is now offered should be offered in the spirit of reconstruction; and such criticism will be, we believe, welcome. What is needed even more than that is co-operation on the part of the public. It must not be forgotten that such a road as the New Haven is, in fact if not in terms, a National possession, and as it goes down or up public interests go down or up with it.

Mr. Elliott's recent statement that there are railway men who are as high-minded and patriotic and as great believers in the United States and its future as any class of men in this country is beyond question. If such men are to be in control of the management of our American railways, they must be given a fair chance to prove their patriotism and high-mindedness.

The undertaking of the present Administration at Washington to send certain men "OBSERVING" ELECTIONS from the United States to "observe" elections IN SANTO DOMINGO on Monday of this week in Santo Domingo has not only evoked a protest from the Dominican Government, but has also occasioned concern in the minds of those Americans who know what benefits have resulted from the part that the United States has taken in rehabilitating that country and are anxious that those benefits should be conserved.

It was first reported that the President intended to send a commission to supervise the Dominican elections. This report was not altogether ill founded, for the United States Minister to Santo Domingo made a statement to that effect. This report has been denied, or rather modified, by the Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan. In a statement issued last week Mr. Bryan says that these Americans who have been sent to visit the principal polling-places in Santo Domingo do not constitute a commission for which the United States Government asks any official sanction, but go simply as "individuals" to lend moral support to the President of the Dominican Republic in his efforts toward securing free elections, "in order that, if any questions should arise as to the good faith of any one concerned, undeniably im-

partial witnesses may be available to bear testimony to exactly what happened."

To understand the importance of this action it is necessary to recall that in 1907 the United States entered into an arrangement by which the customs duties of Santo Domingo were to be collected by representatives of the United States. Under this arrangement, out of the receipts from customs the obligations of the Dominican Government, which threatened to bring about serious international complications, have been fully met, the remainder that has gone into the Dominican treasury has exceeded the former total revenue, and the cause of frequent revolution has been in process of removal.

Unfortunately, political considerations in the United States have interfered with the efficient administration of this arrangement by the removal from the island of those who were acquainted with the facts and conditions, and by the countenancing of debts of a revolutionary government based on assassination. The present United States Minister went to Santo Domingo without any previous knowledge of conditions or of his duties, and now the Administration has put into operation a plan which is arousing resentment among the Dominicans. The intention behind this act is undoubtedly of the highest character. It springs from the desire of the Administration at Washington to further the cause of constitutional government in Latin America; but the method by which this intention is designed to be carried out does not seem to be adapted to a Latin-American country with national habits and laws as widely differing from those of the United States as are those of Santo Domingo.

What the United States is called upon to do with reference to Santo Domingo is not to attempt interference in its elections, but to carry out with efficiency and tactfulness the arrangement that has proved its own value. Only thus can the United States save from wreck its most promising Latin-American venture.

There were, last week, three chief centers of news interest in Mexico: Tampico, Ojinaga, and Mexico City.

THE CONFLICT
IN MEXICO Tampico, attacked by the insurgents under General Aguilar, who lately seized Victoria, is of importance because it is a Gulf seaport and the place from which most of the oil from the extensive oil district near

by is shipped. Tuxpam, further south on the coast, in a less degree, has the same kind of importance, and its fall is likely to follow that of Tampico. The insurgents greatly need a seaport. Their advance so far southward is a serious danger to Huerta's hold on Vera Cruz and even on the capital. The attack upon Tampico was pushed vigorously last week, and on Friday reports were current that the Federal garrison had surrendered. Half a dozen or more war-ships of foreign Powers clustered about the harbor, ready to assist refugees from the city. Merchant ships were chartered by the naval commanders on which to place refugees. Admiral Fletcher, on the Rhode Island, commanded three American vessels, and his arrangements were effective and extensive. The combatants seem to have realized that a large landing force could be employed if necessary, and foreign property and persons were respected so far as war conditions allowed. It is said that Admiral Fletcher warned the Mexican Federal gunboats in the harbor against firing in such a way as to endanger non-combatants.

Ojinaga, a Mexican border town, is the place where the hundreds of refugees from Chihuahua arrived last week. With them came a Federal army of three or four thousand men under command of General Mercado. These troops arrived, say the despatches, without food, with little ammunition, and worn by a hundred miles' march. The condition of the civilian refugees, many of whom walked the entire distance, may be imagined. Most of them were allowed to pass the Texan line into Presidio. The Federal troops at once set to work to fortify Ojinaga in imminent fear of an attack by the army of General Villa, the largest part of which he sent in hot pursuit of the Federals before he occupied Chihuahua.

From Mexico City the news of last week included that of the long-delayed declaration by Congress that its own election was valid, that the Presidential election was null because returns were not received from the number of districts required by law, and that a new election should be held next July—in short, the Huerta programme. A detailed but extremely improbable report was that Huerta was about to join forces with Zapata, the semi-brigand, semi-rebel chief, and establish a new Mexican capital at Iguala, far to the south and beyond a mountain range. The rumor followed news that Zapata had

been attacking Federal forces within fifteen miles of the capital.

Nowhere have the Federal arms been victorious of late. As one reads of the insurgents' forward movements and bold campaigns, their ultimate success seems—or would seem in any place but Mexico—all but certain.

Catherine Breshkovsky, sent to Siberia three years ago as a revolutionist, recently made a

**A BRAVE
OLD WOMAN**

courageous attempt to escape, and one which was all but successful. The accounts cabled from Russia state that she changed clothing with a man political prisoner, who for three days deceived the police by impersonating her. She had a false passport and some money, and was on her way to Irkutsk in a peasant's cart when arrested. Fellow-conspirators had cut the telegraph wires, but communication was restored too soon to allow the plan to succeed. Probably the intention was to reach the railway and proceed to Mukden and Korea. The despatches add: "The valiant old woman had stood five days and nights of exposure in the bleakest frozen waste of the world without heaviness of heart or damage to her health." She will probably now be sent into some even more remote place of exile.

Madame Breshkovsky, who is often called "Babuska," or "Grandmother," by her friends and allies in Russia and America, believed in revolution in Russia because there was no other way of obtaining free speech or free political action. She was tried in 1910 (not her first trial, conviction, or exile) at about the same time with Mr. Tchaikovsky. Our readers will remember the earnest and successful effort by public men in this country to have these trials open rather than secret.

Mr. Tchaikovsky was fully acquitted, but the indomitable woman fighter for liberty was convicted and sent to the Kara mines for a year at hard labor, and thence to the East Siberian town of Kirensk, on the Lena River, whence the attempt to escape was made.

Mr. George Kennan saw Madame Breshkovsky in her exile in the Transbaikal in 1885, and, writing after her conviction in 1910, he said: "Her future is darker now because she is twenty-five years older, and her health has been broken by hardships, anxieties, and long imprisonment. All who know her, however, feel confident that neither

age, nor sickness, nor imprisonment, nor exile can break her courageous spirit"—a prediction which has been fully confirmed by her life-history since.

Although the Czar has been recently prosecuting with all possible vigor his campaign against the Jews,

**THE CAMPAIGN
AGAINST FINLAND**

he is not neglecting the campaign which he began fourteen years ago against the Finns. In his coronation oath he swore that he would "maintain the Constitution which was granted to the Grand Duchy of Finland by his Majesty the Emperor Alexander Pavlovich, of glorious memory," but he violated that oath, as he afterward violated the solemn promise that he made to the Russian people in the Freedom Manifesto. Ever since 1899 he has been trying to destroy the Finnish Constitution, which he swore to maintain, and to punish Finnish officials who do not share his view as to the nature of an oath. The judges of the Finnish courts are sworn to obey the Finnish Constitution, and when the Czar calls upon them to enforce a law which has never been sanctioned by the Finnish Diet, and which is therefore absolutely unconstitutional, they firmly decline to break their oaths merely because the Czar has broken his. They are then arrested, taken to St. Petersburg, and tried in a Russian court for refusing to give force to an unconstitutional law.

Last September sixteen Finnish judges condemned by the St. Petersburg Circuit Court for refusal to recognize the validity of the so-called "Equality Law" of 1912 were arrested at their homes in Finland and taken under guard to a Russian prison, where they are to be confined for a period of sixteen months. On the following day the same Court sentenced Judges Sandbeck and Lukander, of the Viborg Court of Appeals, to four months' imprisonment for the same offense. Twenty-one Finnish judges and officials are now undergoing punishment for refusal to violate their oaths, and the Czar not very long ago began criminal proceedings against the members of the City Council of Helsingfors.

Just at present it is Finnish judges and officials who are suffering; but the Russian campaign of aggression will soon affect the masses of the people. To adopt the vivid metaphor of the Russian Liberal press, the

Finns, "having been flogged with whips, are to be scourged with scorpions."

Shortly before the prorogation of the Russian Duma for the summer recess the Czar caused to be introduced a bill to extend to Finland the Russian laws concerning political crime. If this bill is enacted, its effect will be to abrogate the right of public assembly, which the Finns have enjoyed for centuries; to subject the Finnish press to the restraint of "compulsory orders," which are to be enforced, as in Russia, by fine and imprisonment; and to brand as a "criminal organization" the Social-Democratic party, which is the strongest force in the Finnish Diet. If the bill becomes a law, the famous omnibus section, No. 129, of the Russian penal code will restrain or prevent almost everything that the Finns have been accustomed to do, except to breathe.

The fate of the bill will depend largely upon the Octobrists, who hold the balance of power in the Russian Duma. If they vote with the Nationalists in open session, as they did in the committee to which the bill was referred, Finland may be reduced politically to the level of a Russian province, where the governor makes laws ("compulsory orders") at his own discretion and enforces them by his own power. It is not certain, however, that the Octobrists will hold together on the question of completely subjugating Finland. When the bill was favorably reported from committee by a vote of 20 to 4, Baron Meyendorff, the ablest and most respected of the Octobrist leaders, gave notice of his intention to abandon his party, for the reason that he was not in sympathy with the Nationalistic tendencies, and did not favor the extension of Russian political laws to Finland. "I prefer," he said, "to run wild or do nothing. I am too much of an 'alien' myself to take part in a game which has for its object the creation of a Nationalistic majority in the Duma."

The "ritual murder" case and the Finland case will undoubtedly be made the subjects of fierce debate in the Duma. Meanwhile the Finns will continue to offer passive resistance to the Czar's Russianizing policy, and the work of subjugation will become increasingly difficult as larger and larger classes of the population begin to feel the iron grip of the monarch's hand. It may

be possible to imprison a few hundred recalcitrant judges and officials, but will it be possible to overcome the passive resistance of a whole nation?

Last week Senator Gaston Doumergue succeeded in forming a Ministry to succeed the Barthou Cabinet, overthrown the preceding week by the French Chamber of Deputies. The crisis which led to that overthrow was peculiarly interesting and complicated; it involved not only political and military conditions, it was also vital from financial and economic points of view.

The particular incident which ended the Barthou Ministry was the question of taxing Government bonds. The retiring Premier favored no taxation; the incoming Premier is said to favor such taxation. He is also believed to have approved the essential points in the income tax bill as passed by the Chamber. With regard to army measures, he would, so the papers say, apply the new three-year military service law, but only as a temporary necessity, hoping to reduce the service as soon as the international situation appears to justify such action. As to electoral reform in the direction of proportional representation, the Premier is believed to be a "middle-of-the-roader," expecting to compromise the differences between the Chamber and the Senate in this matter. As to education, he is known to be a determined supporter of non-sectarian public schools.

M. Doumergue is something over fifty years old. He is a lawyer. He has been Minister of the Colonies and Minister of Commerce in previous Cabinets. In the Senate he has been a leader of the Radical-Socialist faction, the strongest group just now in French public life. Its principles are radical rather than Socialist. What we know as Socialism in this country is in France represented rather by the so-called "Unified Socialists." They are really the only true Socialists in that country.

An article on "Filipino Politicians and Independence," by O. Garfield Jones, appeared in The Outlook for September 20. In this article Mr. Jones cited as a proof of native incapacity for self-government the case of Pajarillo. Pajarillo, as readers of that

article will remember, murdered the husband of his paramour. Through the connivance of a native prosecuting attorney the case was never brought to trial until Pajarillo ran for the Philippine Assembly in 1909. Then, at the instigation of his political enemies, the facts were brought to the attention of an American prosecuting attorney. The trial was held before Judge Abreu, a Filipino of ability and distinction. In the concluding paragraph of his summary of the case Mr. Jones said: "The Filipino judge rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree, but made the sentence life imprisonment out of consideration for the high office to which the murderer had just been elected!" Mr. Jones followed this statement with the following: "It may seem strange to persons not familiar with Latin-American politics that such a man could be elected to so high an office."

The article has called forth no little comment, editorial and otherwise, from the Philippines. As a whole it has evoked general approval save for the first sentence which we quoted above. This has seemed to many an unjust criticism of the able judge who had presided at the trial. Certainly in publishing this article *The Outlook* had no intention of reflecting either upon the intelligence or the honesty of Judge Abreu. It appeared then, and still appears, to us that Mr. Jones laid the whole emphasis of his carefully thought out criticism of Filipino civilization upon the fact that such a man as Pajarillo could be elected to the Assembly. Elsewhere in the article he said: "The Filipinos were not at all surprised at the arrest, but they were fairly paralyzed at the conviction. . . . It is probable that not even the school system has done so much to increase the moral courage of the common man, the 'Tao' of Capiz Province, as did this incident." Certainly Judge Abreu may be said to share with the prosecuting attorney this whole-hearted praise. Perhaps, however, more direct evidence of his impartiality may be desirable.

In commenting on the *Outlook* article, Mr. Isaac W. Adams, the prosecuting attorney, is quoted by the Manila "Times" **FILIPINO JUSTICE** as saying:

I may further say that on the occasion of this trial not only the province of Capiz but the very court-house itself was surcharged with an atmosphere of political and personal sympathy for the accused. I have never known

of a trial, either in the United States or in the Philippines, whose surroundings called for such unflinching loyalty to the single purpose of administering justice to the exclusion of every other consideration as did the surroundings under which this trial was conducted. The judicial attitude maintained by Judge Abreu throughout the entire proceedings was upon such a high plane that an intelligent observer not only could not have imputed to him the slightest bias, but could not fail to see that as a trial judge he was actuated solely by the loftiest sense of duty.

According to Mr. Adams and two editorials in Manila papers, the explanation of the judge's sentence is to be found in the provisions of the Philippine criminal code. These provisions make distinctions with reference to homicide that differ from those which prevail in the United States. In the Philippine code murder is defined as "killing a human being treacherously, for reward or promise of reward, by means of inundation, arson, or poison, with deliberate premeditation or with extreme, deliberate cruelty." When the killing is accompanied with only one of these "qualifying circumstances," the death penalty cannot be inflicted.

Although the prosecuting attorney in summing up the evidence declared that the case was one which, if the accused was found guilty, called for the death sentence, nevertheless the judge decided otherwise, for the qualifying circumstances are matters of fact to be determined by the court. This being decided, the penalty of life imprisonment was applied automatically by the law itself. Mr. Jones's statement that Pajarillo was convicted of murder in the first degree, while correct according to the American definition of the crime committed by Pajarillo, is incorrect according to the Philippine definition. This, however, does not affect the main point which Mr. Jones made: namely, that the election of Pajarillo indicates that the Filipinos are not now fitted to form an independent, self-governing nation.

Last week, on the anniversary of the death of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the thirteenth annual presentation of the Nobel Prizes took place at Stockholm, the Swedish capital. Alfred Nobel, born in Stockholm, became a rich man. He left his immense fortune in trust for the establishment of five annual prizes. The interest on

his property has made each prize worth nearly forty thousand dollars.

The first three prizes are for excellence in those departments of science which had most interested Nobel—physics, chemistry, and medicine. The next two prizes reflected the idealistic side of Nobel's character. He offered one for the most remarkable work of an idealistic nature in the field of literature, and the other to the person or society which had rendered the greatest service in the furtherance of international brotherhood. Nobel put the various academies of his own country, Sweden, in charge of the first four prizes, and the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, in charge of the fifth.

This year's presentations of the first four prizes were made by King Gustaf in person. Three of the winners were present. Professor Kamerlingh Onnes, of the University of Leyden, Holland, won the physics prize; Professor Werner, of the University of Zurich, the chemistry prize; and Professor Charles Richet, who holds the chair of Physiology at the University of Paris, the medicine prize. Dr. Richet was the winner of this prize doubtless because of his eminence as an authority on muscles and nerves; it should be noted, however, that he has been President of the Society for Psychical Research, and occupies some place in the literary world because of his dramas and stories. Portraits of these men appeared in last week's Outlook.

The winner of the literature prize, Rabin-dranath Tagore, of Bengal, was unable to be present. He was

THE NOBEL PRIZES:
LITERATURE AND PEACE represented by the British Chargé d'Affaires at Stockholm. His portrait, together with an editorial estimate of his work, appeared in The Outlook for November 29.

In the award of the prize for Peace the pendulum swings half-way around the world, namely, from India to America. Incredible as it may seem, the Norwegian Storting's Committee reported a year ago that in the whole world it had been unable to discover a person who had "worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, or the calling or propagating of Peace Congresses." The Committee has now found its man—Elihu Root. It might have found him a year ago. But better late than never. On

another page The Outlook describes his work.

The Nobel Peace Prize for 1912 being now at last disposed of, there remains the prize for 1913. It goes to M. Henri La Fontaine. He, like Mr. Root, is a Senator. He is fifty-nine years old, a Belgian, a Professor of International Law, the Director of the International Bibliographical Institute at Brussels, where he lives, and also the President of the Permanent International Peace Bureau at Bern. In politics M. La Fontaine is a Social-Democrat—a name which has a different meaning in America from that which it has in Europe. The publications of Senator La Fontaine make interesting reading, and to those who know him the interest is doubled by the author's personal charm and persuasiveness.

No radical change in the attitude or the condition of the Republican party resulted from the Conference of some seven hundred Republicans in New York City a week ago last Friday. Although it was nominally a Conference of Republicans of New York State only, it had a National significance because of the National character of some of the participants. The chairman of the Conference was Senator Root, who was the Chairman of the last National Convention. The Chairman of the State Committee is William Barnes, who is avowedly an extreme conservative, if not reactionary, and has been recognized as the most powerful single political manager within the party. Three other figures of National standing were notable there: Sereno E. Payne, joint author of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act; George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States; and Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War.

The Conference was attended by many younger Republicans who had two aims: one, to make the party progressive in its platform and policy; the other to eliminate from power the reactionary boss. In its outcome, however, the Conference brought to these younger Republicans no real ground for satisfaction. Such concessions to progressive sentiment as were made were mainly admissions that the practices on which the party has relied in the past and which ultimately brought it to its present low estate were undesirable. Chairman Root specifically recognized in his speech "the attempts of the

people to get away from the bad old system, which we have outgrown." The conservative view, however, strongly prevailed. It was not unaptly expressed by Chairman Barnes, who said: "The Republican party in 1912 determined not to join the procession of unreason, opportunism, and cowardice." This estimate of the progressive movement was not shared by that younger element in the party who wished to make the party progressive, but it seemed to be, on the whole, the prevailing view among those present. Although there were cheers for progressive proposals, and although Comptroller Prendergast, who had lately announced his withdrawal from the Progressive party, was warmly welcomed, no action was taken committing the party to any policy to which the party had not been committed before. Finally, and most significant of all, no action was taken looking to the elimination of State Chairman Barnes.

The upshot of this Conference seems to be that the Republicans are acknowledging the necessity for reform, but are retaining in power Mr. Barnes, the Republican leader who has most consistently and conspicuously withstood reform.

Mr. Franklin Simmons, whose death is announced from Rome, was a Maine boy who became a self-educated sculptor. Born in the little town of Webster, he attended its public school, and spent some time later at Bates College.

In his school-boy days his recreation was modeling figures in the clay which he found in the localities in which he lived; and while he was still a mere youth he made a portrait bust of Dr. Bowditch, the President of Bowdoin College, which showed such perception of character and such skill that it gave the novice a local reputation. It also determined his career; he resolved to train himself in the use of the sculptor's tools. Accordingly he entered the workshop of a sculptor in Boston, where he learned many things by observation and gained something by suggestion, but received no regular instruction.

When the war broke out he was ready for work, and in a fortunate moment he went to Washington, and almost at once he found himself in full tide of active professional work. He made busts of Generals Grant,

Meade, Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, of Admirals Farragut and Porter, and of many other prominent men, and all these men became his personal friends. The Outlook once said of him concerning this period in his career: "His task and opportunity were as a visualizing historian of a dramatic period and the biographer in marble of its most prominent actors." Later he made a statue of Roger Williams, which stands in the Capitol at Washington, and another statue of Williams which is in Providence. As there was no portrait of his subject, Mr. Simmons had a free hand in dealing with it. He handled his subject with vigor, and he introduced an accessory figure—the impersonation of History—at a time when accessory figures were novel in our sculpture.

The later years of his life were spent in Rome, where he dealt largely with classical figures, among them "Penelope," "Medusa," and "Galatea." One of his most important achievements is the group on the Naval Monument in Washington; another is his heroic figure of the "Republic" in Portland; and still later he made the equestrian monument of General Logan which stands in Washington, a very expressive and vigorous figure. One of the most interesting studies of late years was "The Woman of Endor," which represents, not a witch, but a seeress.

Mr. Simmons's industry was tireless. He produced more than a hundred portrait busts in marble, and fifteen public monuments from his hand stand in various parts of the country. He was a man of delightful social qualities, an admirable talker, a warm friend.

Not infrequently have Americans been alluded to as the Goths and Huns of the literary and artistic world. The

AN ACT OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESY

American collector has been held up for scorn as the apotheosis of the commercial; and incidentally, of course, held up for cash as the chief possessor of the one commodity for which we are purported to exist, but which never, under any circumstances, is permitted to enter the minds and the hearts of the good citizens of Europe. That this international superstition still has credence may be reason for excusing a polite smile of satisfaction when we discover the "Hun" obviously on the other foot. The Hun in the case to which we refer was the

Liverpool Athenæum, and his opposite Mr. John Gribbel, of Philadelphia.

Perhaps we had better let Mr. Gribbel tell, in his own language, the story of how Scotland regained a priceless possession, the "Glenriddell Manuscripts" of her beloved Burns. We quote from a speech which Mr. Gribbel delivered at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, an organization of Americans of Scottish birth or descent :

When Burns had received from Creech, the publisher in Edinburgh, his share of the proceeds of the 1787 edition of his poems, you will recall that he gave his brother, Gilbert Burns, one-half of the £500 received to pay the debts of the family and help Gilbert on with the farm at Mossiel, and with the remainder Burns leased and furnished the farm Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire. Here Burns made one of the best friends he ever had in Riddell of Glenriddell, who was a man of culture, education, and of local position.

Burns stayed at Ellisland from 1788 to 1791, when he gave up farming and lived in Dumfries. Before leaving Ellisland he prepared a manuscript volume containing his selected poems, finished as he wanted them known by posterity, also another volume containing his manuscript letters, and presented them to Riddell, as a mark of esteem. Riddell died in 1794, whereupon his widow gave back to Burns these two volumes.

Two years later, worn out with toil and disease, Burns died in poverty, but not in debt. A belated wave of appreciation of his genius swept over England and Scotland, in which Dr. Currie was moved to prepare an edition of Burns's poems for the benefit of the widow and children, left in want.

Among other materials which Mrs. Burns put into Dr. Currie's hands for use in his work were these two volumes of manuscripts, which have now been known for over a century as the "Glenriddell Manuscripts."

In 1853, fifty-seven years after Burns's death, the widow of Dr. Currie's son put the manuscripts into the keeping of the Liverpool Athenæum Library, where they remained for sixty years.

During the summer just passed the English reading world was shocked to read in the public press that the authorities of the Liverpool Athenæum had sold for money their priceless trusted treasures. Hurried efforts were made to stop the transfer of the volumes, but the delivery had been made, and in the excitement they disappeared with the unknown buyer unhindered.

Two weeks ago I was astonished beyond measure by having a dealer come to Philadelphia and submit to me for sale the missing manuscripts. Having an aversion to the possession of property of a certain class, I refused to consider them as any possible possession of my own, priceless though they are; but, gentlemen, here they are, sold as merchandise in the market-place and in my possession, but with a purpose which I am sure you will approve.

To whom, then, do they now belong by right but to Scotland, whose chief possession now is the glory of her immortal son?

Mr. Gribbel has not yet decided upon the custodian to whom he will intrust the manuscripts, but he has been in communication with Lord Rosebery, who was most active last summer on the Committee of Scots who were attempting to prevent the sales of the manuscripts by the Liverpool Athenæum. Certainly this act of international courtesy is worthy of record.

Elsewhere in this issue we print a portrait of Mr. Gribbel, and a reproduction of a page from the preface to the poems contained in the "Glenriddell Manuscripts."

Something like twenty-five years ago a young journalist by the name of Rudyard Kipling

made a prophecy.
GAILLARD : "Some day," he said
SOLDIER OF PEACE (we quote from mem-

ory), "the American army will make the finest engineering corps in the world." The American army is to-day a great deal more than a fine engineering corps; but no one will deny that this prophecy of Mr. Kipling has been justified by the facts. Engineers of the American army owe the high position which they hold to-day not chiefly to their skill in planning means of scientific destruction, but to their constructive achievements in the realm of peace. Not the least among these leaders of the new army was Lieutenant-Colonel Gaillard, now dead on the field of battle. The war in which he was engaged was not with man, but for man, and with the forces of nature. Since 1907 he had been in charge of the central division of the Panama Canal, concerned with the stupendous operations at the Culebra Cut, that nine-mile artificial valley which we have made through the backbone of the Isthmus. His death was directly due to exhaustion from overwork.

Something of his task and of his high courage and patience may be gained from this quotation from Bishop's "The Panama Gateway." Of the long fight with nature at Culebra the author says: "No one could say when the sun went down at night what the condition of the Cut would be when the sun rose the next morning. The work of months and years might be blotted out by an avalanche of earth or the toppling over of a small mountain of rock. It was a task to try men's souls, and it was one also to kindle in them a

joy of combat which no repulse could chill and a buoyant faith in ultimate victory which nothing could shake. From all quarters of the globe came engineers and others engaged in construction operations to view the struggle. They came in doubt often as to the outcome, but they went away with all doubt removed. . . . They were not surprised, after witnessing this wonderful human machine at work, that slide after slide went into the Cut without causing the faintest shadow of uneasiness to any one concerned and without delaying the final completion of the task." Colonel Gaillard was invalided home from Panama only a little while before the flooding of the great Cut, just too soon to see the virtual completion of the task for which he gave his life.

A second soldier of peace, who has, moreover, a reputation as a fighter in the usual sense of the word,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL is Brigadier-General
SCOTT: PACIFICATOR Hugh L. Scott, now commanding the Second Brigade of cavalry stationed upon the Mexican frontier.

General Scott is one of the few active officers of our army to whom the Indian problem has meant actual war experience. He first saw fighting in the year of the Custer massacre, and later fought in the campaign against the Nez Percé Indians. He served throughout the Spanish War as adjutant to General Wood, and has seen service in the Philippine Islands as Military Governor of the Zulu Archipelago. From 1906 to 1910 he was superintendent and commandant of the Academy at West Point.

The important feature of General Scott's career, upon which we have touched so briefly, is the ability which he has shown as a constructive as well as a destructive warrior. He has fought the Indians, it is true, when fighting was necessary, but he has also learned their languages and customs and won their trust by fair dealing. He fought the Moros, it is true, but he came away from the Zulu Archipelago with the undying affection of the natives and the popular title of "Father of all the Moros." He is a walking argument for the preservation and development of our army as a beneficent social force.

What makes this reference to General Scott's career of particular and timely interest is his recent exploit as a pacificator of the Navajo Indians. He is one of

the few white men familiar with the Indian sign language, a fact which has won for him the name of Mole Tequop, "the man who talks with his hands." Because of the trust with which many tribes of Indians regard him and because of his knowledge of their customs he has been frequently chosen as an emissary to those who have gone or are about to go upon the war-path. General Scott performed his latest mission of this sort in characteristic fashion. Like young Lochinvar, "he rode all unarmed and he rode all alone" "into the armed encampment of the warlike Navajos on Beautiful Mountain, Colorado."

He rode alone except for one old Navajo scout who had gone out to meet him forty miles away from United States soldiers who had been sent out after the two-wife men had jumped the Shiprock agency two weeks before.

There was considerable concern about those Indians not only in the country where they were but at Washington. The Navajos are good fighters. These men were well armed and their hearts were bitter because somebody had tried to break up their polygamous habits.

They had said they were ready to fight until they were killed, and just at this time troops along the southern edge of the United States are more interested in other things besides making good Indians out of bad Indians.

Mole Tequop rode into this camp alone, as has been said, and the chiefs called for a powwow. Hours later he rode out of camp, this time with an escort of old men. That night the Navajos began to straggle back to the agency to surrender, satisfied with what their visitor had told them and relying upon his advice.

As a fitting conclusion to this account of General Scott's success, which we take from the New York "Sun," is the statement we have received from an officer of the War Department "that the only Indians General Scott did not get were two who were absent from camp when the powwow took place."

Portraits of General Scott and of the late Colonel Gaillard appear elsewhere in this issue.

The performance of the much-advertised opera "Rosenkavalier," by the much-advertised Richard Strauss, on Tuesday evening, last week, for the first time in America, at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, seemed to have no effect in reducing the size of the audience that filled Aeolian Hall at the same time to listen to the Kneisel Quartette. This indication of the growing number of those

who prefer chamber music to opera is a sign of a wholesome musical progress; it is a sign that music in America is, if one may use the phrase, becoming more and more democratic.

There is no way by which the greatest number of people can learn to know the greatest works of music than by means of chamber concerts. Opera is essentially aristocratic, or rather plutocratic. It is as much a social function as it is an art. Even when it is produced as it is at the Century Opera-House in New York it is still a part of a system dependent on aristocracy or wealth. It can thrive only in big cities, and is at its best only when it fills the boxes. Chamber music, on the other hand, is something that can be enjoyed and even produced in the household. Indeed, it can never be at its best except in a comparatively small company where every listener is as much a part of the group that produces it as the players of the instruments themselves. There is therefore no community, however small, that is not potentially a place where chamber music may flourish.

And the literature of chamber music comprises works that are unsurpassed in all music. Indeed, one may go even further and say that the genius of the greatest composers has met its supreme test in this form of the art.

Let us take, for example, the Kneisel programme last week. The Mozart quartette—the one in F Major, No. 9, of the Breitkopf and Härtel edition—displayed not only that flawless construction that characterizes almost everything of Mozart's, but so conveyed its mood of cheerfulness that it provoked the audience more than once to chuckles of delight. Then came the Brahms quartette (Opus 67). That is the one whose opening theme is so naïve that it seems incapable of the expression of any profound feeling. But as one can watch a little child grow into maturity and become a man who knows sorrow, so one can hear this theme grow mature and profound. Nothing in Brahms surpasses in song-like quality the melodious andante of this quartette. No orchestra could be made more colorful than Brahms makes the four instruments in its third movement. And in the last movement the theme, which might almost be an Irish folk-song, seems to be capable of the widest range of expression. This quartette is as big in conception as any symphony, and yet it lies within the capacity of four stringed

instruments. The programme closed with the "F Minor Pianoforte Quintette" of César Franck, who might well be called the Gallic Brahms, if that phrase did not seem to be an imputation upon his independent greatness.

How much may be comprised within chamber music was well illustrated the week before, when the Flonzaley Quartette, whose romantic playing has steadily grown in favor, included on their programme a composition by the living Hungarian composer Emmanuel Moór for two stringed instruments—the violin and 'cello. Such a work as this proves that those composers who seek for big effects by using big means miss the whole point. If a composer has big ideas and skill, he can express his idea with limited means. Sometimes it seems as if the bigness of the medium were in inverse proportion to the bigness of the idea.

While State governments are attempting to solve the problem of the minimum wage, the dress and waist industry of New York City is working out a system which promises to be far superior to any minimum wage legislation yet enacted.

The original protocol of the cloak and suit industry of New York City established a standard minimum weekly wage scale for the industry and a piece price committee in each shop; but there was no provision for the future regulation of wages except that the Boards of Grievances and Arbitration were to settle all differences and disputes. Profiting by the experiences of the cloak and suit industry, the dress and waist industry established a Wage Scale Board, whose business it is to standardize prices and to obtain data and keep statistics of wages and earnings. In this way there is a "scientific basis for the fixing of piece and week work prices throughout the industry that will insure a minimum wage and at the same time permit reward for increased efficiency."

In attempting to settle labor disputes it is frequently thought that to increase wages solves the difficulty because it satisfies the demands of the workers. Employees are always asking for a raise, and it is only human nature to want more. There should be a minimum wage for standard efficiency compatible with the standard of living. The ordinary minimum wage law does not prevent employees from demanding higher wages.

The arrangement in the cloak and suit industry works this way: Lately a demand was made by certain week workers for a "raise." The Board of Arbitration authorized an investigation of the facts as to the earnings of week workers in the industry, and upon the data obtained it will base its decision, taking into account the present-day cost of living.

The enactment of a minimum wage law, without special provision for apprentices, would result in the dismissal of employees who do not *earn* the minimum wage. Foreseeing this difficulty, it is the plan of the Wage Scale Board to perfect a system of apprenticeship, according to which an inexperienced worker will be employed at a wage below the minimum and advanced periodically until he or she attains the efficiency and wages of an experienced worker, *i.e.*, the minimum wage for that particular occupation.

It is significant that this Wage Scale Board, as well as the Boards of Grievances and

HOME RULE IN INDUSTRY

Arbitration and Sanitary Control, is made up of representatives of both the unions and the manufacturers. Neither side alone can rightly determine the question of wages, hours, etc.—questions which really concern both sides. It is this recognition, on the part of the unions and the manufacturers' associations which have adopted the protocol, of the need of co-operation—of mutual understanding—which makes this protocol so remarkable.

The organization of these divisions of the garment industry—the cloak and suit and the dress and waist industries of New York and Boston, and the cotton garments industry of New York—with their democratic machinery for the control of the industry, is a splendid example for other industries. For under the provisions of the protocol—each protocol is adapted to the peculiar conditions in the industry—both sides, employees and employers, attack their problems co-operatively.

When this joint interest permeates industry, and only then, can we hope for the elimination of strikes, for usually it is really a lack of mutual understanding which brings about the rupture. In the garment industry, where there were formerly chaos and anarchy and frequent strikes, there is now joint government and system. For three years in the cloak and suit industry and for nine months in the dress and waist industry of New York

there has been no serious interruption of work. In Boston, where the protocol was recently adopted, there is promise of equal success.

Formerly there was keen and bitter competition, making for a low standard of products as well as of wages, hours, and sanitary conditions.

**COMPETITION
AND LOW WAGES** To-day in the factories of New York and Boston—which manufacture a large percentage of the women's coats, suits, dresses, and waists made in the country—one marks, because of the protocol, a continual improvement in cleanliness, fire protection, light, and ventilation over the sweat-shop conditions of a few years ago. A higher quality of garment is now put upon the market, and it is hoped that a system of certification may soon be established, assuring to the consuming public the quality of protocol-labeled garments.

In the method of enforcing the sanitary standards set by the Joint Board of Sanitary Control the protocol has a lesson to teach other industries. The workers themselves are educated by periodical pamphlets with regard to the requirements of fire protection, proper ventilation, etc.; and consequently they become their own sanitary inspectors, demanding of their employers that the standards be kept. The employers too have been awakened to a sense of their responsibilities such as is not very common to-day.

The protocol is succeeding in spite of the fact that it is constantly meeting with difficulties in the way of unintelligence and unreason among both employees and employers; for there is in these garment industry organizations local democratic government which takes care of all matters concerning the industry—questions of wages, hours, sanitary regulations—and has its own lower and higher courts for the adjustment of all disputes.

One hundred and fifty delegates from the cities of more than a score of American

**A NATIONAL DISCUSSION
OF HOUSING** States and four Canadian provinces gathered at

Cincinnati lately to discuss in the third National Housing Conference ways and means of improving our housing conditions. Among these delegates were city officials—mayors, health officers, and building inspectors; among them were architects, social workers,

city planners, labor-unionists, representatives of chambers of commerce, manufacturers, builders, real estate and building and loan men, and representatives of women's organizations.

We have long been told of the efforts European cities are making to improve the dwellings of their wage-earners; such writers as Jacob Riis have familiarized us with the fact that New York has slums; but the Conference at Cincinnati brought out clearly the fact that the slum is not confined to the Old World nor to the metropolis. Delegates from the smaller cities of New England, from the prosperous, growing cities of the Middle West, from the cities of the Dominion, all had the same tale to tell. In every community there are districts upon which a blight seems to have fallen, districts covered with old, unsanitary houses, or hovels and shacks, filled to overflowing with a population that is forced into deeper and deeper degradation by the character of its dwellings. The easy philosophy of those who believe that America offers opportunity for all found few sympathizers among the members of the Conference. They had seen children born and reared in stable lofts whose only playground was a filthy alley, those whose only home had been a damp, gloomy basement; they knew where a single room provides all there is of home for two or three families with half-grown boys and girls. And they knew that such dwellings put an ineffaceable stamp upon the bodies, the minds, and the characters of our future citizens.

The keynote of the Conference was the vital importance of safeguarding family life.

HOMES OR HABITATIONS? This keynote was struck most insistently at the session devoted to women

and housing reform, but it was the underlying note in all the discussions which during three days were so vigorous that one session adjourned only that another might begin. It was the reason for denunciations of the multiple dwelling, apartment-house or tenement-house, that tends to destroy the family, and for the almost passionate advocacy of the single-family house. It furnished the point of view of those who discussed transit and housing; for the construction and operating charges of a transit system fall ultimately upon the dwelling, and if these charges are heavy the people must be crowded together in order to pay them. It furnished the point

of view of those who discussed proposals for districting our cities, for they wish to make possible higher standards for dwellings in the new sections than are possible in the sections whose character is already fixed. It furnished the point of view of those who discussed garden cities, co-operative housing, health department organization and housing, how to get cheap houses, the housing of workers at industrial plants, and the problem of the old house.

Through all ran the question: How shall we remodel and control our old houses, how shall we guide and stimulate the building of new houses so that they may best become homes? At one of the sessions this question was put directly: How shall we keep our cities cities of homes? The final answer has not yet been found, but the way to it was indicated: First, we must enact and enforce housing legislation that will set minimum standards, that will require light and air for every room, sanitary and convenient toilet facilities, an adequate and convenient water supply, protection against fire, such a number of rooms and such an arrangement of rooms as will permit of at least a minimum of privacy. Such legislation will tend to discourage the building of tenement barracks and to encourage the building of small houses. Second, we must educate; educate the community so that it will demand the enforcement of proper housing regulations, educate the owners as to the significance of bad housing from which they draw a revenue, educate the tenants to the proper use of the property in their care, and educate women as to the relative importance of essentials and of mere conveniences. Third, we must stimulate the building of good types of small dwellings.

American missionaries in India have been celebrating the centennial of their enterprise

with special meetings in Bombay and Ahmednagar. In the opening meeting in the Town Hall of the former city, on November 7, Dr. Capen, President of the American Board, read a letter of greeting from President Wilson, in which the President said: "I feel that I should not let the occasion pass without a word of recognition of the great educational, Christianizing, and civilizing benefits which have accrued to that part of the world through the devotion

of those self-sacrificing and self-forgetting men and women who, for the sake of a righteous cause and the good of humanity, exiled themselves from home and friends and country."

Among those who accompanied Dr. Capen were Editorial Secretary W. E. Strong, of the Board, and the Rev. George A. Hall, a grandson of the pioneer who, one hundred years ago, with Samuel Nott, on arrival, invoked the clemency of Sir Evan Nepean, Governor of Bombay, when the East Indian Company had ordered that no missionaries be allowed to remain. It was shortly after that Wilberforce and his friends won their victory in Parliament by inserting a clause of toleration in the Company's charter. Since that time, as Dr. Robert A. Hume, the senior of the American Marathi Mission, pointed out in the celebration, there has been a great change in the attitude of not only the officials and Europeans, but of the Indians themselves.

Probably 40,000 men and women have gone as missionaries to India from North America, for there are to-day 1,870 at work under forty-one Protestant societies of the United States and Canada, "a gift absolutely unparalleled in history." They care for a Christian community of 817,000 out of the total of 1,617,000 Protestants in the Empire. The Methodist mission alone reported that the mass movement in its low caste work has resulted, all told, in 140,200 baptisms in all its districts. Presbyterians have about 175 missionaries in all branches of work. Two of their colleges, the Forman Christian College at Lahore and the Arthur Ewing Christian College at Allahabad, are well known. The latter is conducting an agricultural department of great possibilities. The six or seven hundred Congregational churches of the Empire have over 17,000 communicants and twice as many adherents. Their six hundred schools have over 30,000 pupils, and many more are in the higher institutions. In Congregational hospitals last year there were 127,000 treatments. That the influence of this one denomination has prompted others to service is evident.

Dr. Capen in his speech sketched the significance of the century in Christian development in America, claiming that "God's blessing has come to the Nation largely because a hundred years ago we came out of our provincialism and narrowness and began to live for others." A historical pageant and

exhibition were a part of the celebration in India.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON MYTHS AND LEGENDS

"Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

These lines of Wordsworth might be taken as a criticism of one phase of Christianity, and by themselves they may be said to voice the feeling of many who find our officially dryadless woods a poor substitute for the forests that covered the mountain slopes of ancient Greece. They express a want for which Mr. Yeats, contemplating the vanished glories of Tir-nan-og and the forgotten triumphs of Cuchulain, blames not only the faith that has come to us from Judea, but the literary traditions of that same Greece and her conqueror, Rome. What Mr. Yeats misses in fact, together with those who lament the lost myths of classic antiquity, is not a beauty which has gone out of the world, but a beauty which in some measure we have ceased to regard as an intimate part of our daily lives. For we have always wanted to take our gods into our homes. We have been continually adopting symbols for the forces of nature and then humanizing those symbols in accordance with our own hopes and desires. Lightning flashes become the seraphim, the rain clouds the cherubim which continually do cry. The roving sun becomes Ulysses setting out in his old age—

"to sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars;"

or, according to Fiske, in a later day and another clime, that infallible Swiss archer whose bow has so long stood for defiance to tyranny and whose fame has not been without measurable influence upon the commercial prosperity of his "native" land.

For us these half-gods are gone forever, and with them have gone for many

"Three parts of spring's delightful things;" and if, in quoting Browning, we may paraphrase him but slightly,

"Ay, and for some the fourth part too."

Against this apparent loss of communion with the physical powers of nature what has

our own Christianity offered? If this question had been asked in the Middle Ages while Christianity was actually at war with active forms of pagan religion, there would have been less necessity of pausing long for a reply. While Pan was doffing his hoofs and horns for a neighborly exchange with the Teutonic devil, the folk were by no means neglecting the opportunity before them of building for Christian theology a new world of poetry and romance. If sometimes the familiar pagan tales with which they had regaled themselves for uncounted generations were reborn into the traditions of their Church, if, for instance, the talismans of the Tuatha de Danaan, the Irish fairies, became in time the sword, the bleeding lance, and the shining grail that caught the blood of Christ, shall we turn our backs upon these creations of the folk—dismissing them with a kindly word of literary appreciation?

Truth is not always a matter of history, nor is faith always most clearly expressed within the close confines of a formal creed. The legends of the saints and the legends that grew up about the life of Christ possess vitality not only for their beauty and spirit, but also because they often represent an attempt to express in concrete form the truths of that great faith we have only begun to understand. "A sower went forth to sow," but we have neither the fruit that sprang from his sowing nor the deed to the land wherein he labored. Do we therefore dismiss that parable as provender for the etymologist? Even if we can no longer feel the beauty in the myths of Greece and Rome, is there any reason for neglecting those simpler flowers which have sprung up 'beside the byways and along the hedgerows throughout the great realm of that belief upon which our civilization is so largely founded?

The words in which Luke describes the birth of Christ are perhaps closer to us than anything else in the Scriptures. Through them from childhood we have taken our stand in the field with the shepherds and heard the angels praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Through them we have seen Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. Yet in that company of shepherds and angels there were other witnesses of whom Luke has not spoken. In the legends of the Church or the folk we are told that there

too was a little armless beggar girl who for her service to the Mother of Christ was made whole. There too were seers and saints from distant lands who watched in visions the beginning of a new era for the world. Even to the ancient Roman sibyl lifting her dark face from her cave in the Capitoline Hill was granted a vision of the angel host and of that portentous birth at Bethlehem.

These are legends or folk poetry, or symbols of half-truths, as you will, but somehow they seem to bulk larger in the history of our spiritual progress than all the solar myths of ancient Rome. At Christmas time it is the stories of the Nativity that seize hardest upon the imagination, but they comprise only a small part of that wealth of beautiful Christian legends lying so close under the historic surface of the Gospel story and waiting to spring into reality at the touch of understanding. We know little of the boy Christ save of his parents' flight into Egypt and his appearance at the Temple. We have chosen to disregard, either because of our sophistication or through willful neglect, all that we hold as part of the childhood of our faith, all the pretty fables of Christianity, true in significance if not in historic fact. Since we still cling to the story of good St. Nicholas, are we too old in wisdom even to remember the boy Christ who painted his playthings with colors borrowed from the rainbow, or who was saved from the massacre of the Innocents by a miraculous transformation into an armful of radiant lilies? When we think of Christ questioning the doctors, must we forget the great brazen trumpet called the Voice of the Prince of the World, must we never think of the sword of Solomon that stretched across that immemorial chasm in the Temple floor, or of those tall columns called the Gate of Righteousness which slid apart at the touch of the Beautiful Child?

If the myths of classic antiquity no longer play a vital part in our lives, surely there is enough beauty in these legends of Christianity to repay us for the loss of a hundred Tritons and a chorus of wreathed horns. That scholarship which denies the right of existence to beauty for which it can supply no historical reference performs a poor service for civilization. The rationalist is not always the man with the understanding heart.

"How many shall be at Judgment," Jerome is made to say, in the quaint and curious English of Caxton's translation of the "Golden Legend," "that shall have no tongue by which

they shall not speak, which shall be more eurous and blessed than the fair and great speakers. And the herdsmen and shepherds more happy than the philosophers. And how many rude and simple men more than the wise men. And how many fools and innocents more than the showers of the doctrine of Cicero, or than of others full of vain science."

If the classic myths did serve to interpret nature and for that reason their passing is to be lamented, how much more should we grieve over the loss of these stories so intimately bound up in the history of the Christian faith? Let us hold them fast, lest they too slip from our understanding and there be nothing to take their place.

SENATOR ROOT AND THE PEACE PRIZE

The award of the Nobel Prize of Peace to Elihu Root brings in a striking way before the world one who has never been for peace-at-any-price, but always first for justice and then for peace. As the old Romans had it, *Jus ergo pax*—Law, or better, justice, therefore peace.

It is not, however, for opinions about peace that the Nobel Prize is awarded, but for real services for peace. What specific things on behalf of peace has Elihu Root done that he should be given this prize?

As President McKinley's Secretary of War he brought to a peaceful issue the difficult and dangerous troubles in Cuba and the Philippines.

To Cuba he sent a commission to study the differences between the native and Spanish factions, and to lay a foundation for their peaceful reconciliation.

In an order to General Leonard Wood, then commanding in the island, Secretary Root originated that plan, which later became a part of the organic law of Cuba in the form known as the Platt Amendment, which has enabled the United States to maintain peace in Cuba ever since.

The year before he outlined in a letter to the Philippine Commission what has since become the organic law of those islands, and the basis of their law and order.

Later he rendered a great service for international comity in his famous tour of South American countries.

As Secretary of State he negotiated no

less than twenty-four general arbitration treaties.

His instructions to our delegates at the second Hague Peace Conference have taken their place among the classics of international law.

Twice Mr. Root has served in international arbitration cases—in 1903 as a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, and in 1910 as counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration at The Hague. The United States, it may be incidentally stated, won both cases.

Senator Root is now one of the four American members of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

The Secretary of the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, in reading his report last week, also emphasized Mr. Root's negotiations between the United States and Japan and in the Panama tolls discussion. The very day of the prize award, it is interesting to note, Mr. Root was chosen as one of the members of the Hague Court of Arbitration to decide the claims of the British, French, and Spanish subjects regarding property seized by the Portuguese Government after the proclamation of the Republic.

In every case Mr. Root has been and is engaged, not in securing peace at all costs, simply for its own sake, but in promoting that relation of fair dealing, good understanding, and orderly procedure which is the only basis of any lasting or desirable peace.

A man who has had to his credit such practical services on behalf of peace is entitled to something more than a respectful hearing when he formulates any international ideal for the future. It is not idle to imagine that ultimately the greatest service for peace which Mr. Root shall have rendered will be his advocacy of the substitution of judicial procedure in international disputes for the present practice of diplomatic arbitration.

As The Outlook has often said, the Court of Arbitration at The Hague is not really a court at all, but a panel, composed of men appointed for the term of six years, though the appointment of any one of them is renewable. It is from this panel that Senator Root himself may be chosen as one of the arbitrators to settle a case. The defect in this proceeding is that the arbitrators who are selected are themselves interested in the outcome of the case they are to decide. They are selected after the case arises, and from the interested nations. They are essentially,

therefore, not judges, but diplomats. It has long been contended by The Outlook that they should be not diplomats, but judges. In order that they may be judges, their selection should be made before the case arises, and they should constitute a permanent, impartial tribunal.

This idea has also been Mr. Root's. Before the opening of the second Hague Peace Conference he thus addressed the National Peace Congress in New York City :

In the general field of arbitration we are surely justified in hoping for a substantial advance, both as to scope and effectiveness. It has seemed to me that the great obstacle to the universal adoption of arbitration is not the unwillingness of civilized nations to submit their demands to the decision of an impartial tribunal; it is rather an apprehension that the tribunal selected will not be impartial.

"What we need for the further development of arbitration," declared Mr. Root at that time, "is the substitution of judicial action for diplomatic action." Hence he outlined to the delegates of the Hague Peace Conference his idea of a tribunal which should not supplant the present Hague Tribunal, but should be used in its stead if litigants should—as we hope they would—prefer its services.

Instead of a term of six years Mr. Root would have a term of twelve years for the judges of the proposed Court. Instead of being paid only when on duty, as in the present Court, Mr. Root would put the proposed judges on a permanent salary. Instead of having a Court selected for every new case, Mr. Root would have an annual session and a permanent residence of the judges at The Hague.

It is a satisfaction to state that Mr. Root won his case here also, although, because the Conference could not determine just how the judges should be apportioned, it did no more than approve the draft of the new Court with this exception. But the reform as outlined by Mr. Root emphasizes, in our opinion, more than has anything in his career, the essential basic principle of permanently peaceful international relations. No mere diplomatically attained peace has been his aim, but stern, severe, even-handed justice, and then, because of it, peace.

One of our societies of pacifist tendencies has been seeking a motto. It is reported to have chosen *Pax et jus*. This is the cart before the horse. It would better have chosen *Jus ergo pax*. Not "Peace and justice" has been Mr. Root's motto in his career

as a promoter of international brotherhood, but "*Peace because of justice.*"

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NATION'S PROPERTY

In the face of the opposition of some of the ablest men in the Senate, the bill sacrificing the beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley to the uses of the city of San Francisco passed that body, and the responsibility of defeating the project now rests on the President. It is a responsibility which The Outlook hopes he will face without flinching. Congressmen represent districts, Senators represent States; the President represents all the people of the United States. He is in a special sense the guardian of their rights, and there are times when it is necessary that he should stand for those rights against the representatives of districts and States. The Outlook believes that this is one of those times.

The Hetch Hetchy does not belong to the city of San Francisco or even to the State of California. It belongs to the people of the United States, and Congress is trying to do something which in other directions it is endeavoring to stop: the giving away of property which belongs to the public. Largely by the intelligence and zeal of Mr. John Muir, one of the foremost citizens of California, the Yosemite National Park was created in 1890, and at once took its place as one of the most valuable of the National properties. Its scenery is unsurpassed in the whole world for its combination of sublimity and beauty. For twenty-three years it has been the property of the people of the United States, and they have shown increasing interest in the superb beauty of the Yosemite region and an increasing appreciation of its value to them. It is one of the most democratic of the National parks, accessible to a host of people of small means, and as the years go by increasingly accessible; it is consequently one of the most educational of the great landscape features which the people of the United States are trying to preserve for themselves and for posterity.

The support of the bill had many honest men behind it; but its claims have been sustained by a great deal of the cheapest sort of demagoguery. Gentlemen gifted with oratory rather than with humor have declared that there were special interests behind the endeavor to defeat the giving away of

this part of the National estate, and they have talked about "an insidious lobby." The interest and the lobby which have prompted the strenuous opposition to this measure have been a solemn sense of responsibility to the people of the United States and a forward look for their interests. The chief lobbyists have been Mr. John Muir and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who, at very considerable expense to themselves in money and time, have constituted themselves the custodians of the National interest, and with unflagging zeal have tried to make the people of the United States acquainted with the fact that their property was being taken from them. No action on the part of California could be more short-sighted; for scenic beauty is one of the most important commercial possessions of a country. It has been more valuable than mines of gold would have been to Switzerland; it is of inestimable value to Italy; and the glorious scenery of the Yosemite National Park is one of the priceless possessions of California. This measure is a capital illustration of the policy against which the old maxim, "Penny wise and pound foolish," is a protest.

The Outlook earnestly hopes that the President will very carefully consider his duty to the people of the United States in this matter. He is in a special sense the custodian of their property; and he is now the only person who can protect the National rights in the Yosemite Park. It would be in accord with his function for him to veto this bill on the ground that this is a matter to be decided by the Executive as the sole representative of the whole people, charged with the care of their property, and that action had been taken on an imperfect acquaintance with the facts.

As this question is a matter affecting the people of the United States, they are entitled to the fullest information in regard to it. So far, in many cases, the information has been grossly inaccurate. It is certainly very incomplete. The only official investigation which has been made by the Government was that of a board of army engineers who viewed the question from the engineering standpoint, and based their conclusions largely on data supplied by the city of San Francisco. In so important a matter the people ought to be put in possession of all the facts from an authoritative, impartial, and broad-minded source. The Outlook therefore suggests to the President the ap-

pointment of a disinterested commission, representing not only engineering skill but also appreciation of the value of the wild beauty of the primeval forest, a commission capable of rendering a decision according to broad, statesmanlike ideals, without regard to the alluring expediency of a single project. With the report of such a commission before them, the people of the United States could form their own judgment as to whether they should surrender the Hetch Hetchy Valley to the city of San Francisco. The responsibility for deciding whether it should be surrendered or not belongs to the President. Under no circumstances ought that surrender to be made except upon the most convincing evidence of its necessity.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

To what extent is faith dependent on the exercise of the will?

Theoretically it is possible to distinguish between an act of perception and a choice, but practically they are in many cases undistinguishable.

Thus, one cannot perceive the beauty of music without enjoying the music, nor enjoy the music without perceiving its beauty. A man cannot perceive the beauty of art without enjoying art, nor enjoy art without perceiving the beauty in art. He cannot perceive the love of a friend without loving the friend in return. And if he does thus appreciate the music, the art, the friend, he will wish to listen to music, to see pictures, to be with his friend.

So one cannot have faith in Christ without wishing to be like him, nor can he wish to be like Christ without having faith in him. The two acts of appreciation and choice are, in fact, one act, which we can separate in thinking of them, but which are indistinguishable in fact.

Paul's expression, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord," is an expression of faith. The expression in Isaiah, "When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him," is an expression of absolute lack of faith.

My children, boy and girl, are entering their teens. When I come to the Commandment, Thou shalt not commit adultery, what shall I tell them, so that they themselves may do just

right and yet not be continually pecking at their neighbors?

How to teach young children sex relations and the duties that grow out of sex relations is a very difficult problem. We have made it more difficult by allowing men and women to marry without any instruction on this subject; so in many cases the father and mother feel themselves incompetent to give instruction to the children. The school does not usually give that instruction, and the children pick it up from their companions in ways that are at least demoralizing, and sometimes worse. I can only say in general terms these three things:

First. In teaching the Commandments, when you come to the Seventh, say little about it, unless you are prepared to give your children some information about sex relations.

Second. Give that information to them as soon as they begin to make inquiry, or as soon as you think they have reached an age in which they are likely to make inquiry; for they may make inquiry of others, not of you. Give that information frankly, and show them how the sex relation runs all through creation, from the vegetable world upwards, and how its divine character is indicated in the declaration of Scripture that God made man in his own image; male and female created he them.

Third. Encourage them to come to you with absolute freedom on all subjects, and meet their coming with sympathy, not with rebuke, and urge upon them to have no conversations, to listen to no stories, and engage in no sports, occupation, or intimacies which they are not willing to bring to you. The best protection for a young child's purity is the purity of the father and mother, and an open door between the child and the father and mother.

I have prayed earnestly for my husband's recovery. Why is not the prayer answered?

I do not think we can be sure that Christ will cure our diseases because we ask for cure. He himself came to earth and took the burden of weakness, temptation, sorrow, and intense physical suffering because he could thus render a service to God's children; and he calls on his disciples to follow him. Sometimes by suffering we also can render a better service than by achievement. Sometimes we need the suffering as a means of spiritual development. I think that when we come to such an experience Christ has

pointed out that we should meet it in his own way of meeting a similar experience. His prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane is the model for all prayer—"If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The ideal consecration is reached by us only when we wish to do God's will, whatever the doing of it may cost us.

Do you regard the ministry as the noblest profession a young man can enter? I am twenty years old, and have been seriously thinking of entering the ministry. I like the studies I should have to take in preparing for it; but I also love literature. I have had serious intentions of endeavoring to become a writer, yet, I must admit, without proof of marked ability in that line. It is my love of literature that makes me want to enter that profession. Not only that, however, but does not the writer of a book have a larger audience, and therefore a greater opportunity for service of the Master, than the preacher (despite the fact that thousands of books are not read)—or am I mistaken?

There is no "noblest profession." That is the best vocation for any one to choose in which he can render the best service to his fellow-men. Some men who would have made good business men have been pushed into the ministry and made poor ministers; and some men who would have made good ministers have been pushed into business and made poor business men. I am inclined to say to any young man: Do not go into the ministry if you can help it. Let the call to the ministry be urgent and imperious. Do not go into it because it appears to you a pleasant vocation, with agreeable opportunities for social intercourse and leisure for study. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. To be a successful minister one should have some consciousness of the life of God in his own soul, and some supreme desire to impart that life to his fellow-men.

It is true that the writer of a book has a larger audience than the preacher of a sermon, but it is also true that the personality of the preacher is impressed upon his audience as the personality of the writer is not. In the case of literature, it is what the man says that renders the service; in the case of the sermon, it is the man who says it that renders the service. Sermons are rarely good literature; and literature is spoiled as literature if it is made into preaching.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

HETCH HETCHY

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE OUTLOOK'S position regarding the proposal of San Francisco to turn the Hetch Hetchy Valley into a reservoir was expressed as follows in an editorial in the issue of September 13, 1913: *San Francisco has no more inherent right to the Hetch Hetchy Valley than has New York or New Orleans. It is National property held in trust for the Nation. Furthermore, there is no reason why the Nation should be made to bear the brunt of San Francisco's municipal transgressions. There is no reason why the Nation should sacrifice itself for the advantage of a single city unless such a sacrifice will indirectly and undeniably benefit the Nation as a whole.*

DOES SAN FRANCISCO NEED HETCH
HETCHY? YES

Hardly a person, even in California, had ever heard of Hetch Hetchy until San Francisco, in its search for water for its people, found that by turning the floor of this remote Sierra canyon into a lake it could assure its people of an ample, pure, and constant water supply. So affirm many papers like the San Francisco "Examiner" (Ind.) and the New York "American" (Ind.), and call our attention to certain statements as to San Francisco's needs. The "American," for instance, asserts that San Francisco burned down once because of failure of its water system—owned by a private corporation. "That same corporation, the Spring Valley Water Company, together with an irrigation company, has so far managed to prevent San Francisco getting the Government consent for its employment of the Hetch Hetchy water, which now simply runs to waste in the wet season." The "American" adds:

San Francisco's water problem is a most serious one. Its present privately owned supply is neither large enough nor good enough for a modern city.

One would think that the health and well-being, not only of San Francisco, but of the other big cities, would be worth even an æsthetic sacrifice. . . . Private interests have been able to hold back Government consent for this important enterprise. How this has been accomplished may not seem a great mystery to those who marked how the railroads whose terminals were in California stood in the way of the construction of the Panama Canal for forty years.

San Francisco needs the Hetch Hetchy water, and it will get it promptly if the Government is not more concerned with the profits of rich in-

terests than with the health and comfort of one of the greatest of American communities. . . .

"Harper's Weekly" (Ind.) inquires:

"How do you explain the fact that a fierce agitation all over the country is kept up against a measure which has had the support of Gifford Pinchot, James R. Garfield, James D. Phelan, William Kent, and a number of other conspicuous fighters for Conservation in this country?" "Harper's" asserts that "the supply of surface water furnished by the Spring Valley Water Company is adequate neither in quality nor in quantity." It quotes Mr. Pinchot, who says: "I am fully persuaded that there is no other comparable source of water supply available at anything like a reasonable cost to the cities around San Francisco Bay."

DOES SAN FRANCISCO NEED HETCH
HETCHY? NO

The New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) remarks that an examination of the report of the House Committee shows that no serious attempt is made to establish any emergency reason for the bill. The "Post" adds:

Such an attempt would, in any case, meet with an insuperable obstacle in the circumstance that if there really were an emergency—danger of a water famine in San Francisco—it would be impossible to meet it by this measure, since it would be years before the Hetch Hetchy supply could be made available. What the report really does is to produce by vague and general statements the impression that San Francisco is in desperate need of getting water by the flooding of the Hetch Hetchy Valley, while at the same time there are scattered all through it virtual admissions that the only reason for asking this concession from the Nation is that it would save the city about \$20,000,000. The "extracts from conclusions of the Board of United States Army Engineers" begin with this:

"The project proposed by the city of San Francisco known as the Hetch Hetchy project is about \$20,000,000 cheaper than any other feasible project for furnishing an adequate supply."

Two California papers admit that the city does not need Hetch Hetchy. The San Francisco "News Letter" says: "For a long time the 'News Letter' has asserted that the Hetch Hetchy matter has been mis-handled." And it continues:

We have asserted that it was wrong in inception and wrong in every way, both as concerns

the solution of the water problem and from the standpoint of cost to the city, as compared with a far better, more economical and efficient source in the Sierras, which could be developed in a little over half the time it would take to bring water here from Hetch Hetchy.

We repeat the question we have asked on more than one occasion: Why this haste in regard to Hetch Hetchy? Why are its proponents so anxious to have the bill now before Congress rushed, when they know just what a foolish and utterly vicious bill it is? . . .

Men who have been most actively engaged in an endeavor to cause the bill to fail are strong in their assertions that the city of San Francisco is not only in no need of an immediate additional supply of water, but that they have within their reach a better supply which can be obtained at far less expense and in a much shorter time.

This view is implied, too, in a remark by the other California paper we have referred to, the Pasadena "News" (Rep.): "How like an old story were the arguments used to convince the House that San Francisco is in dire necessity for water, and that unless the Hetch Hetchy Bill was passed our northern compatriots must perish from thirst?"

Says the Lincoln (Neb.) "Journal" (Rep.):

A representative of the city [San Francisco] was asked at Washington if they could not get abundant and pure water in some other part of the Sierra range than the Hetch Hetchy Valley. "Yes," he said, "by paying for it." There we have the milk in the cocoanut. And Congress seems determined to give the wild part of the Yosemite away just because a rich and influential city wants it.

SHOULD SAN FRANCISCO DEVELOP WATER
POWER? YES

Any power that the city may develop from the water in the aqueduct on its way to the city is merely a by-product, contend San Francisco papers, like the "Chronicle" (Ind.), for instance. It says:

Some of the Easterners were evidently moved by a desire to "cinch" San Francisco by saddling our people with enormous unnecessary cost in our acquirement of water, and particularly object to our lessening that cost by the sale of any surplus power or water which we may develop. We are planning for water for a century to come.

Concerning this development of water power the Washington "Times" (Prog.) asserts:

The development and use by municipalities of more than 100,000 horse-power would certainly be a shock to the owners of corporations engaged in selling juice at practically their own rates. Secretary of the Interior Lane and Gifford Pinchot suggest openly and unequivocally that the hydro-electric power companies are the most interested opponents of the bill.

Twenty years ago the Geological Survey found the Hetch Hetchy Valley and reported that it would make a proper and ideal source for a water supply for San Francisco. Twelve years ago San Francisco began its effort to obtain this supply, and procured lawfully and by purchase the ownership to the water. Ever since this project was started the city has been frustrated by the water monopoly and the hydro-electric interests. The Senate ought to pay attention to the reports of noted engineers, including three United States army engineers, and give San Francisco the right to use its own property.

The Philadelphia "Telegraph" (Rep.) remarks:

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, late United States Chief Forester, has supported the bill on the ground that it will benefit the public by opening up a public utility at actual cost and under practical Government supervision and control. If we must sacrifice beauty for utility, as alleged by John Muir and his allies, it is some satisfaction to know that the San Francisco experiment will help us to arrive at an estimate of the real cost of generating electricity.

Suppose San Francisco were enabled to go into the business of supplying its citizens not only with water but with power and light; would the remainder of the country be harmed thereby? asks the Knoxville "Sentinel" (Dem.). "If the power rights are valuable, Congress could exact from San Francisco the same tax that it is proposed to take from future water power concessionaries."

SHOULD SAN FRANCISCO DEVELOP WATER
POWER? NO

The Mobile "Register" (Dem.) says that an investigation was made recently into the situation to discover other sources of supply, and twelve adequate sources were found and named, but, being all in private hands, would have to be bought. "Very significant of the report it was," comments the Mobile paper, "that any of these sources would be more costly to San Francisco than Hetch Hetchy, 'without opportunity of Hetch Hetchy's return in the shape of electric energy.'" Thus Hetch Hetchy is wanted really less for potable water than for water power for commercial purposes, claims the New York "Tribune" (Rep.), which says: "In order to get free water power from which to make great pecuniary profit the advocates of this raid upon the Yosemite would ruin one of the most precious natural possessions of the race."

The Dallas, Texas, "Viewpoint" protests:

That Washington should even consider the \$45,000,000 hydro-electric gift to San Francisco

is astounding. If such a valuable right should be taken from our National Park and given away, it would be a matter that would some day call for a strict accounting. In return for the grant, the city gives a few promises it would never fulfill, and in time, no special year set, is to pay annually \$30,000!

"Forest and Stream" advises:

Take out of the bill the right to sell electric power, and the city will withdraw the measure at once. It is a plain case of stealing what John Muir calls "one of the greatest wonders of the world."

IRRIGATION

The papers in favor of the bill have had little to say about the irrigation question involved. But during the recent days of discussion "the Hetch Hetchy steam roller did not work smoothly, and therefore it was withdrawn for repairs," to quote the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.). The determining factor in the postponement was this telegram from Senator Works, of California:

I have satisfied myself that the Hetch Hetchy Bill should not pass without further investigation. Ninety-nine per cent of water-users in the irrigation districts are strongly opposed to it. . . . They claim that thousands of acres of land in their districts and outside of them will be deprived of water to which they are entitled, and that they can show that this sacrifice of the best and most fertile lands in the State is not necessary to the interest of San Francisco.

The Flint, Michigan, "Journal" (Ind. Rep.) confirms this:

If San Francisco takes the water of the Hetch Hetchy, the greatest, most beautiful and picturesque valley in California, the San Joaquin, will be left without water and literally turned into a desert.

WILL SCENERY BE PRESERVED? YES

As to scenery, "Harper's Weekly" (Ind.) maintains that the injury to Hetch Hetchy by substituting a lake for the present swampy floor of the valley is altogether unimportant compared with the benefits to be derived from its use as a reservoir. "Harper's" thus concludes:

The forces in opposition are two: the water power companies, who know exactly what they are doing, and the sentimental lovers of scenery, who do not know at all what they are doing. A very few of them, like John Muir, may know the facts and be out of perspective on the relative importance of things, but most of them are persons unaccustomed to studying exact conditions, who merely go up in the air when somebody tells them that some scenery is going to be hurt somewhere. If there is any injury to scenery at all in this case, it will be slight and the economic gain will be so great as to explain why

conservationists . . . are so enthusiastic for the bill.

Anyway, the assumption that a lake would be less beautiful than a grassy valley does not seem in general tenable, according to many critics like the Knoxville "Sentinel" (Dem.): "Lakes usually add to the beauty of mountain scenery."

Certainly they do, asserts the New York "American" (Ind.):

Hetch Hetchy is a wild and beautiful canyon. . . . The changing of its rugged floor into a mountain lake will not only enhance the apparent height of the sheer cliffs that are its walls. . . . There would not be a waterfall diminished in volume or a crag diminished in height. Hetch Hetchy would be more beautiful than it is now, and, in addition to that, the building of roads to it would make it accessible to every visitor to that part of the world, whereas not one in fifty of those who go to Yosemite attain Hetch Hetchy at the present time.

As to the conflict between the utilitarian and the beautiful, the "American" remarks:

Doubtless there were many picturesque old farms back in the Catskills that were wiped out by the new system of water supply for New York City. The construction of the cribs in Lake Michigan to give Chicago the water it requires added nothing to the beauties of the waterscape—in fact, these homely structures break the sky-line rather unpleasantly—but it occurred to nobody to protest on behalf of the Catskill farms or the level lake line on the score of aestheticism and nature worship.

WILL SCENERY BE PRESERVED? NO

It would seem as if an equal number of critics had been opposing the bill. The New York "Tribune" (Rep.), for instance, thus answers the New York "American's" (Ind.) and the Washington "Post's" (Ind.) argument that the only change will be the creation of a lake in the valley and the making of the valley much more accessible to the public:

So it might be argued that diversion of the entire flow of the Niagara River into another channel would produce no change in the Falls, excepting merely to transform a cataract into a cliff. The beauty and charm of Hetch Hetchy are in the fact that it is a sylvan valley and not a lake.

As for accessibility, we must gravely doubt whether it would be increased by flooding a large part of the valley and then excluding campers and others from the rest of it for fear that they would contaminate the water.

The issue is clear, affirms the Milwaukee "Press" (Ind. Rep.): Which is of greater importance, the preservation of what is, next to the Yosemite Valley, "the greatest natural cathedral on the Pacific coast," or its release

to San Francisco as her cheapest and most remunerative source of water supply? "It is the old, familiar conflict: The demand of the body vs. the demand of the spirit, the clash of the utilitarian with the ideal."

A PRECEDENT

The Milwaukee "News" (Dem.) declares that the National parks are the property of all the people. Their integrity should be preserved. If San Francisco is permitted to invade the Yosemite Park, a bad precedent will have been established.

The fate of our National parks is the real purport of the Hetch Hetchy fight, asserts the New York "Tribune" (Rep.). "The spoliation of that peerless valley would of itself be a blighting shame. But there is only too much cause for believing that the looting of Hetch Hetchy would be merely the beginning of a raid upon all portions of our National park domain which sordid greed might covet." The paper proceeds:

Hetch Hetchy is selected for the first grab, to set the fatal precedent, because of the plausible appeal of need which designing schemers are able to make. The changes are rung on the needs of San Francisco, her heroism in rising phoenix-like and all the rest of it, in which there is just enough truth to make the subterfuge peculiarly vicious. Nobody appreciates the needs, the deserts, or the heroism of that splendid city more than do we; and for that very reason we refuse to do her the discredit of assuming that she really wishes to wrong the whole Nation in order to escape legitimate expense in supplying her own wants.

The Minneapolis "Journal" (Ind. Rep.) affirms that the effect of this alliance reaches farther than California. "It encourages attack on every coveted National reserve from the White to the Olympic Mountains."

Another Western paper, the Denver "Republican" (Rep.), notes that there is a very strong public feeling in favor of keeping the Nation's parks intact, as heritage of pleasure. "This feeling will grow stronger with the years and as the public makes a more general use of the parks." The Denver paper adds:

The cheapening of transportation and the building of good automobile roads to the National parks are the elements that are going to make those places increase steadily in public favor. . . . The people need their National playgrounds in the West, and this need will increase as the population increases and the public turns more and more to such outdoor haunts for recreation. Any legislation that will tend to lessen the scenic attractiveness of the Government's parks will not be popular.

THE BILL PASSES CONGRESS

Finally, the Senate passed the bill permitting San Francisco to make a reservoir in the Hetch Hetchy Valley. Party lines were ignored. The final vote showed, as the New York "Evening Post" points out, how much force there was in the arguments and facts adduced against the scheme. "Three months ago," says that newspaper, "the bill was passed in the House almost unanimously; the vote in the Senate on Saturday stood only 43 to 25." The "Post" adds:

When the bill was first brought up in the Senate an attempt was made to rush it through, and the opposition, at that time represented by only two or three Senators, satisfied itself with a postponement of the vote to a fixed day. Under this condition the gain of strength for the defenders of the park did not suffice to defeat the bill; but the objections to it, not only on the score of the invasion of the Yosemite, but also because of its effect on the farming lands whose irrigation supply will be cut off, were brought out very strikingly. . . .

The bill now goes to the President, with whom rests ultimate responsibility for the decision of its fate. And the paramount consideration in regard to that decision is furnished by the fact that the sacrifice of a National possession of this nature is unjustifiable except upon the clearest possible proof of its necessity.

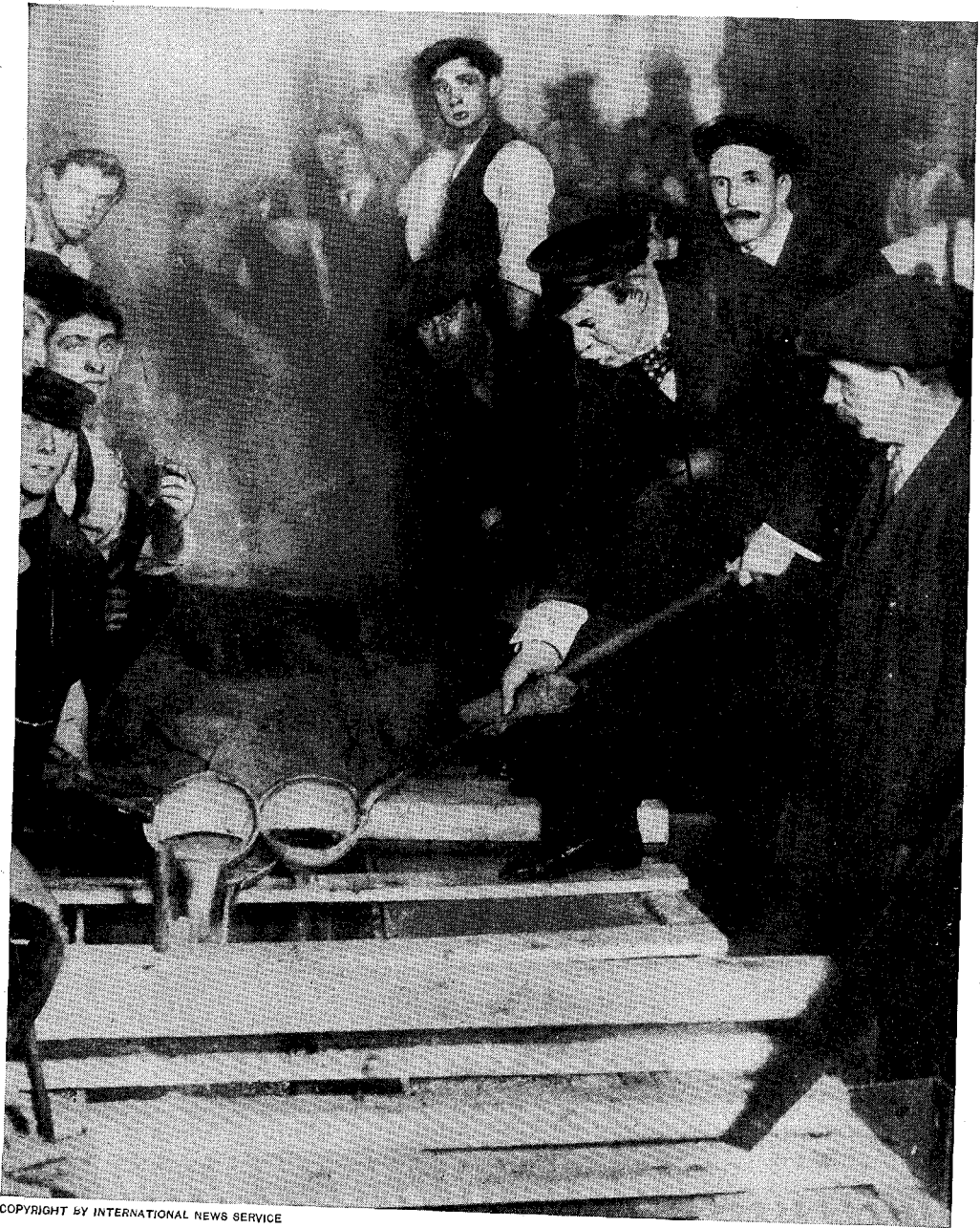
In contrast to the general jubilation of the critics who supported the bill are such protests as these: "Many of Senator La Follette's admirers must be amazed that he voted for such a grab," says the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.). "It remains to be seen whether President Wilson will this time have the political courage of his moral and intellectual convictions, and veto the bill."

"Judging by the general opposition of the newspapers, of scenic preservation societies, and of public-spirited citizens," thinks the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.), "the President will bring upon himself the strongest flood of criticism that he has ever encountered if he signs this bill."

President Wilson's attitude toward it has not been clearly indicated, notes the Boston "Post" (Dem.), and adds, "It is to be hoped that he has a firm grasp upon the veto pen."

If the National Park is to be reserved for the Nation, President Wilson must use his power of veto, declares the New York "World" (Dem.), his supporter in general. "He is the kind of man who ought to sympathize with the lovers of nature and defenders of parks who have tried to protect Hetch Hetchy."

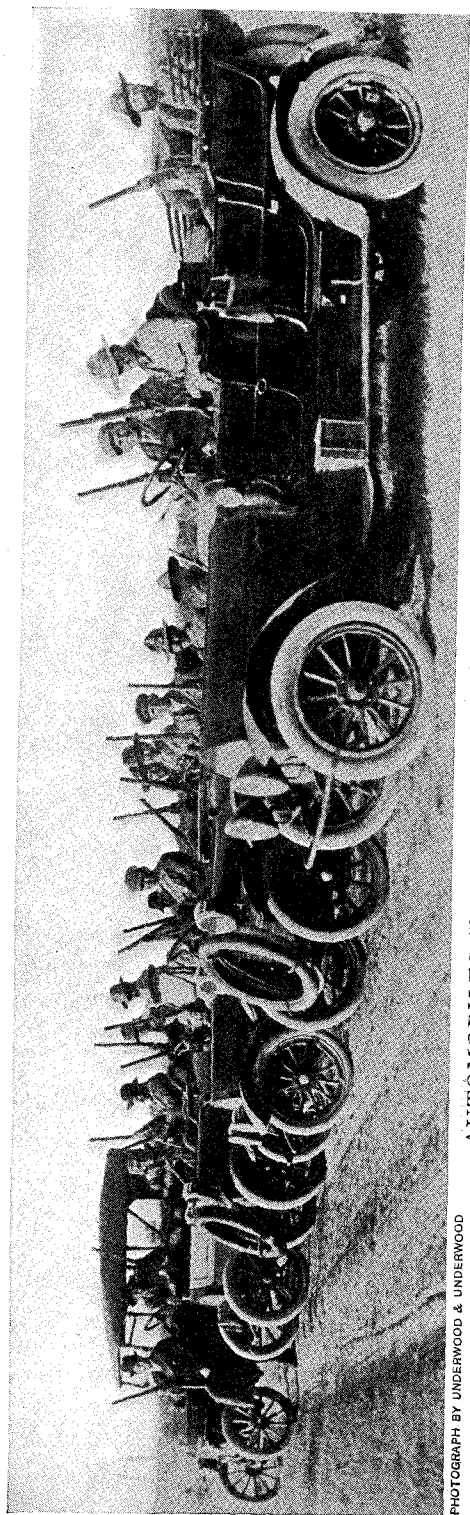
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE FIRST SCENE IN A GREAT INTERNATIONAL RACE

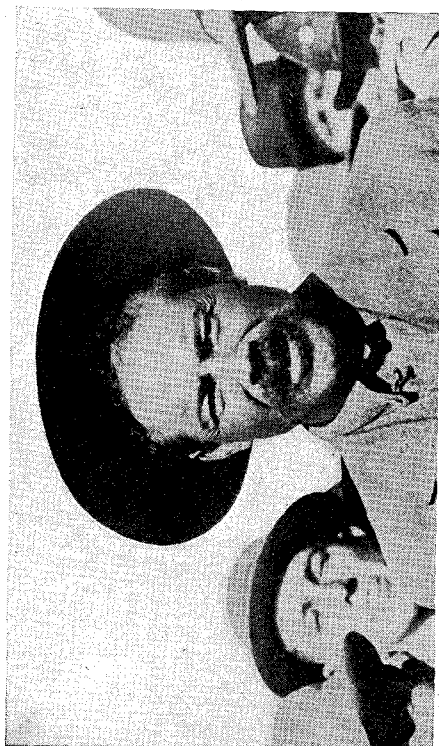
Sir Thomas Lipton pouring in the first ladleful of metal for the keel of the Shamrock IV, with which the persevering Irishman hopes to win the America's Cup next September



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

AUTOMOBILES USED IN CAPTURING A MEXICAN CITY

These motor cars were used in transporting ammunition during the fighting that led to the capture of Victoria from the Federalists by Villa and his followers



PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

GENERAL PANCHO VILLA

The insurgent leader in Northern Mexico who recently occupied Chihuahua



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

COLONEL ZAPATA

The semi-brigand chief in Southern Mexico



JOHN GRIBBEL, OF PHILADELPHIA

AN ACT OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESY

Mr. Gribbel, into whose possession came the famous Glenriddell manuscripts, consisting of two volumes of letters and poems in the handwriting of Robert Burns, which were secretly sold by the Liverpool Athenæum, has returned them, as a matter of sentiment, to Scotland. See account elsewhere in this issue

ATHENÆUM
LIVERPOOL.

As this Collection almost wholly consists of pieces local and unfinished, fragments the effusion of a poetical moment & beguilles strong in rhyme empty paper pages be true, the Author trusts that nobody into whose hands it may come will without his permission give or allow to be taken, copies of any thing here contained; much less to give it to the world at large, what he never meant should see the light. — At the Gentleman's request, who from this time it shall be, the Collection was made; and to him, & I will add, to his amiable Lady, it is presented, as a sincere though small tribute of gratitude for the many many happy hours the Author has spent under their roof. — There, what Poverty even though accompanied with genius must seldom expect to meet with at the tables in the circles of Fashionable Life his welcome has ever been, the cordiality of kindness, & the warmth of Friendship. — As from the situation in which it is now placed, this M.S. may be preserved, & this be a face read, when the hand that now writes & the heart that now dictates it may be mouldering in the dust; let these be regarded as the genuine sentiments of a man who seldom flattered any, & never those he loved
27th April 1797
R. G. G. G.

A FACSIMILE PAGE OF THE MSS. RETURNED BY MR. GRIBBEL.

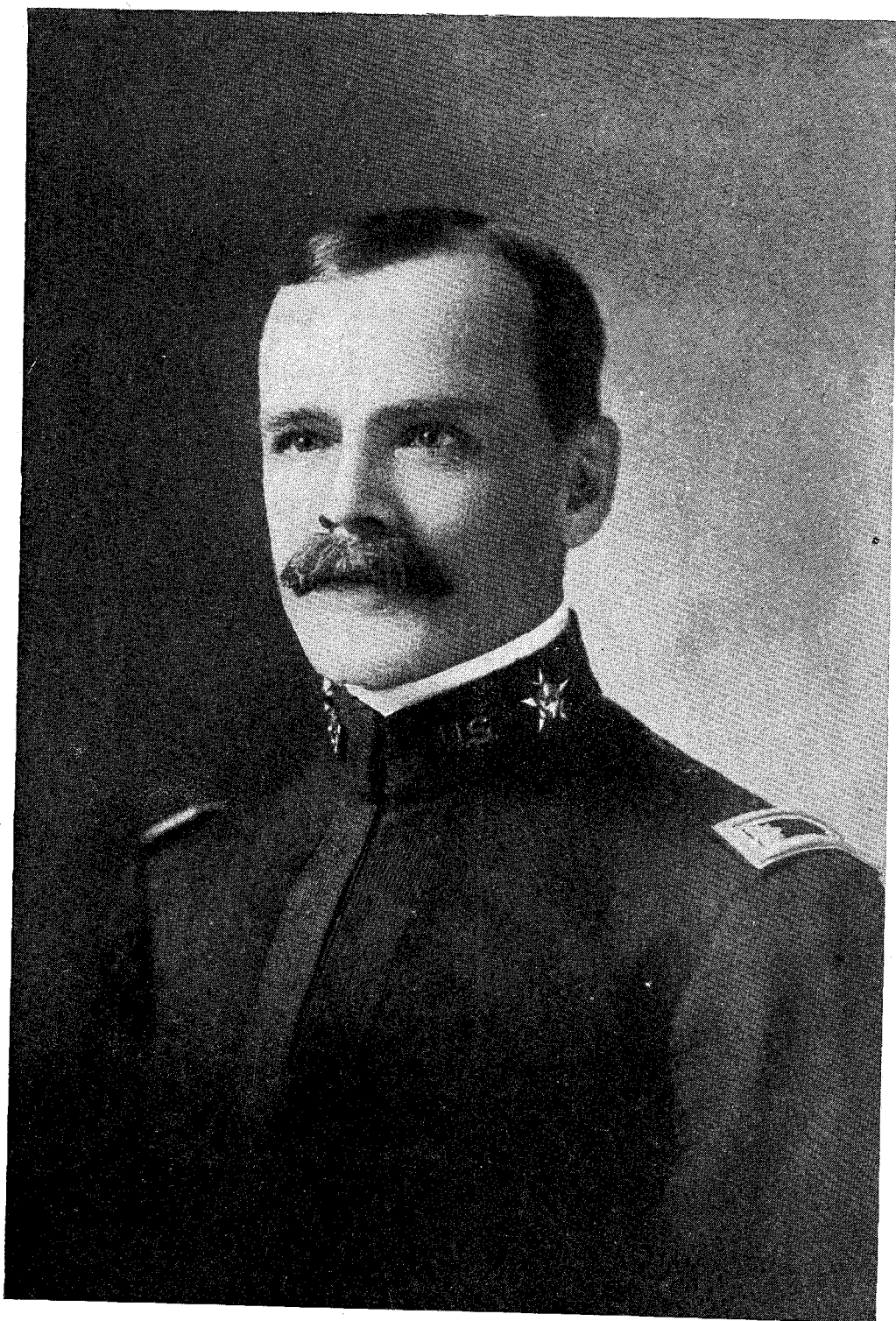


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GENERAL HUGH LENOX SCOTT

VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS WHOSE

General Scott recently prevented an uprising of the Navajo Indians by a peaceful mission in which his personal persuasions were more effective than force



COLONEL DAVID DU BOSE GAILLARD

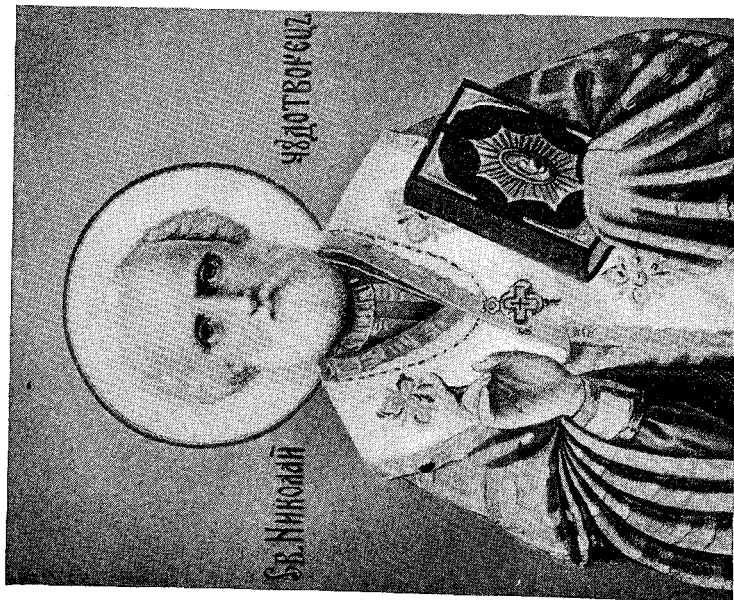
TRIUMPHS ARE THOSE OF PEACE

Colonel Gaillard, who recently died after a breakdown from overwork, was one of the three division engineers of the Panama Canal, and was especially famous for his work on the Culebra Cut. His career in the army was distinguished for its constructive achievements



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM PRESENTED BY BLIND CHILDREN

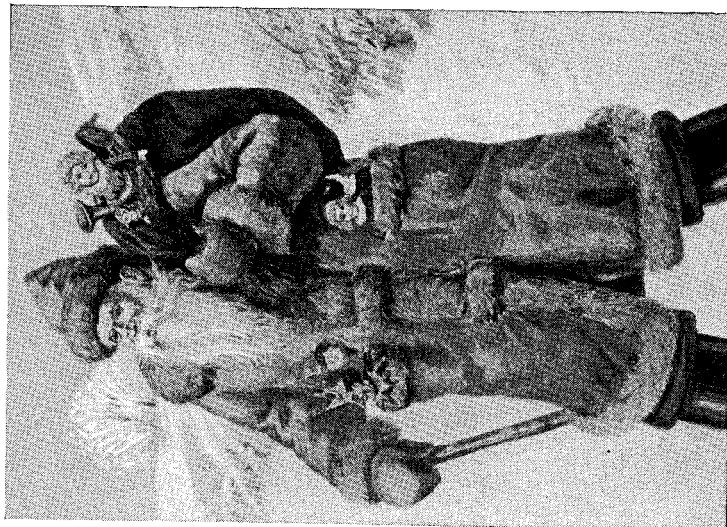
Presented by the girls of the School for the Blind at Overbrook, Pennsylvania.



ST. NICHOLAS AS HE IS PICTURED BY
THE RUSSIAN (ORTHODOX) CHURCH



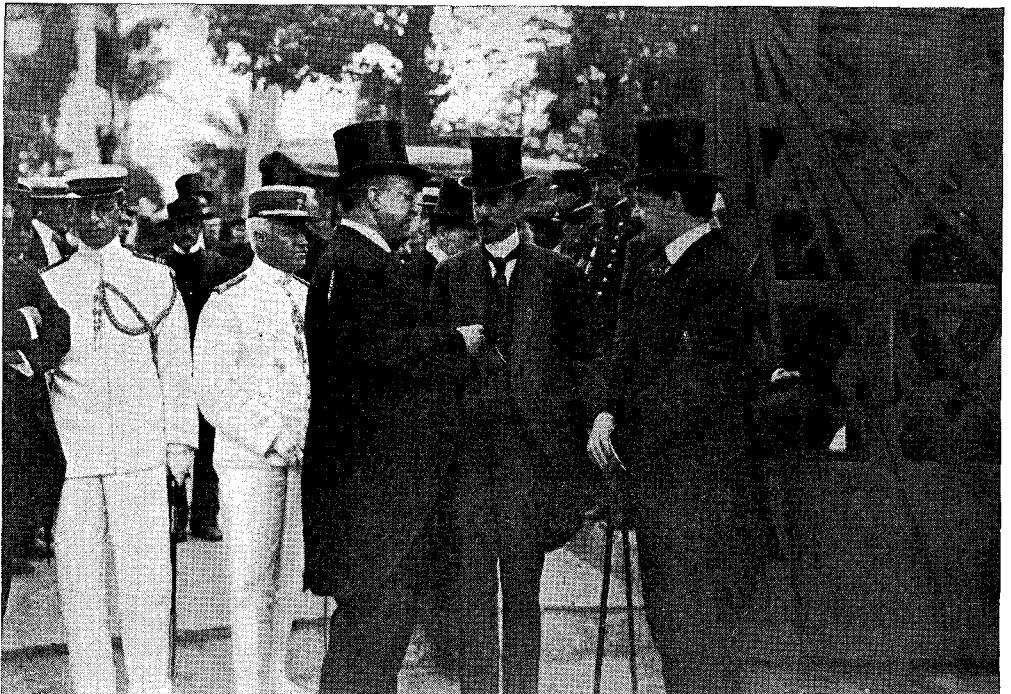
ST. NICHOLAS AS HE IS REPRESENTED IN
THE POLISH (CATHOLIC) CHURCH



ST. NICHOLAS AS KNOWN TO US UNDER
THE NAME OF SANTA CLAUS

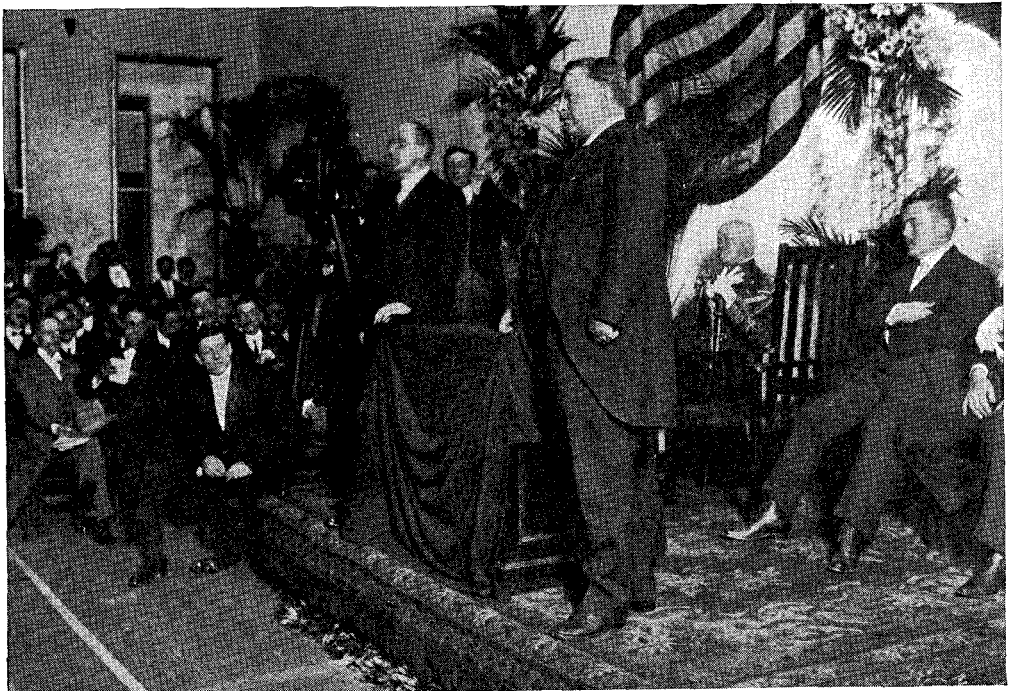
FROM ST. NICHOLAS TO SANTA CLAUS

In the Russian picture St. Nicholas appears with the broad sash-band over his shoulder and the book in his hand, mentioned in one of the stories about him; in the Polish picture, which represents him as half-way to becoming Santa Claus, he appears with the miter on his head and the crozier, or shepherd's crook, in his hand, signifying his office as Bishop; in the third picture he has lost his ecclesiastical symbols, but retains his distinctive character as the good St. Nicholas. See article elsewhere in this issue



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RECEPTION AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS



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BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

MR. ROOSEVELT IN RIO DE JANEIRO

RIO DE JANEIRO

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF
ARTICLES ON SOUTH AMERICA

WE entered the harbor of Rio at sunrise. There is little use in making comparisons between one place and another, if only for the reason that what we call beauty is composed of a thousand elements, each of which appeals with varying force to the several onlookers. Yet it is hard for me to believe that there is anywhere in the world as beautiful a situation as that of the city of Rio de Janeiro. The great landlocked bay is surrounded near and far by mountains whose outlines are both very lovely and very bold. There are islands, there are promontories, there is a rich tropical vegetation. By far the most conspicuous among the trees are the towering royal palms, which are equally striking near by and far away.

There are some cities very beautiful from a distance, but noisome and shabby when once they are entered. Rio de Janeiro, on the contrary, is beautiful when seen from afar and is delightful on intimate acquaintance. The streets are clean. The main thoroughfares are broad, and no other city has so many miles of smooth asphalted streets. Automobiles swarm and trolleys abound. The public buildings are handsome, the private buildings very picturesque and, in northern eyes, possess a most attractive foreign flavor. The water supply is ample, and not only healthful but delicious. The sanitation is excellent. For over half the year the climate is delightful, and during the remaining months there is close at hand a cool mountain retreat.

Altogether it is difficult to write of this city of over a million people without expressing astonishment that both its beauty and its greatness are not more widely understood. It should be a familiar object to all ordinary travelers. The people of the United States do not realize what a wonderful city this tropic capital is; wonderful not only in beauty, but in its extraordinary material activity and achievement. Fortunately, South America is becoming more and more accessible to the people of the United States. It is much to be wished that young Americans would visit their neighbors to the south of them before

they make a European tour—just as it is much to be wished that dwellers on the Eastern coast would, wherever possible, take some trip at least as far west as the Pacific before they cross the Atlantic Ocean. Fortunately the tide of travel has now turned. We are on the eve of seeing full recognition by our people of the varied interest that inheres in a trip to the lands south of us, and of the prime business need of establishing closer commercial relations with these lands.

The major part of South America has witnessed an extraordinary growth, both industrial and political, during the last dozen years. Brazil is one of the countries in which this growth has been particularly evident. Provided only that there is reasonable political activity, the twentieth century will be the century of South America; that is, there will be greater rapidity of growth, greater relative increase of prosperity, in the South American continent than in any other. Although Latin America is a century older than English-speaking America, the latter not only overtook the former, but during the nineteenth century developed with infinitely greater rapidity. This was largely due to the fact that the Spanish and Portuguese colonies had suffered under ecclesiastical no less than civil tyranny, industrial no less than political despotism, such as was never known in any of the colonies that afterwards became the United States. After the independence of the Latin-American colonies was achieved more than two generations elapsed before the effects of the three centuries of debasing oppression were in any large measure outlived.

The period of great and rapid growth was slow in coming. But it has come. Of recent years in the more progressive countries there has been a literally astounding development both of orderly stability and justice in government and of material prosperity. Brazil offers one of the striking examples of this growth. Nowhere in any nation of the world has a more enlightened policy been pursued than that pursued by the statesmen who have had the control of Brazilian affairs during the past fifteen or twenty years. The results are

everywhere evident. One of the places in which they are most conspicuous is Rio de Janeiro itself.

In all its essentials the city is now merely an unusually good example of one of the world's great capitals. The management of traffic by the police, the work of the street-cleaning department, the electric lighting, the excellent asphalted pavements, the trolley lines, the handsome buildings, public and private—all these things and hundreds of others could be instanced as showing that Rio de Janeiro is as progressive as any one of our great cities in the United States. In some points she is distinctly ahead of us—in the Municipal Theater, for instance, and in much that has been done for beautifying the city. Many of the streets are lined by double rows of the stately royal palms, making the finest of all imaginable colonnades. The long drive along the brave bay front is something quite unique. There are difficult problems and unpleasant problems in Rio, of course, but so are there in all our own great cities, and the matter of most importance is the striking success that has been achieved along so many lines, business and governmental. The beauty is no more evident than the business development. Rio is an old city, but of late years it has gone ahead, and it is now going ahead as fast as any young city in the Western United States, and its prosperity rests on a sound and healthy basis.

Rio offers a bewildering number of objects for study, and it is quite impossible for a man making a hurried trip through it to do more than just touch on a very few of them. The condition of the poorer people, for example, is, I am assured, and as I thoroughly believe, far removed from the misery of the slum dwellers in the great cities of the Northern Hemisphere. There is no especial quarter for the poor, nothing in the nature of a slum district, and there is much effort of one kind and another to provide decent living conditions for the poorest. The manifestations of this effort vary from those which one would associate rather with the Brazil of a century back up to those which are characteristic of the most advanced modern capitals—a not unnatural contrast in a city where the thronging automobiles and trolley cars still have to exercise a good deal of care in connection with ox-carts. Thus in one place we saw a free fountain, a long stone building with some twenty or thirty taps coming out of it, from which water is obtained by the

poor people who live on the hillside above in the little shanties built by themselves on land loaned them almost rent free for the purpose by a religious order. In other places we saw excellent houses which had been put up by the municipality itself for workingmen. In other instances it was the workingmen's organizations which had put up these houses for their own members. In yet other cases, perhaps the most numerous of all, it was the factory owners themselves who had built the houses in order that their operatives might be well lodged.

I spoke above of the automobiles and trolleys. Not the most advanced city of the Western United States is better supplied with both. The street cars, by the way, were originally started here by an American. It was long before the days of the trolley, and the first cars were drawn by mules. He raised the money to start the line by an issue of bonds, and for some reason this issue of bonds became indelibly associated in the popular mind with the cars, with the result that gradually the cars themselves were called "bonds," and now throughout Brazil the ordinary name by which a trolley car is known is a "bond." Very recently, however, some especially big trolley cars have been put on the lines, and these were called, first jokingly and then seriously, "dread-noughts," and are now known as such.

By the way, the coffee was delicious, and every one drank it at all times. I was informed that this habit of coffee-drinking had a very marked effect in preventing dram-drinking, and I can well believe it. Of course the habit of drinking coffee and tea, or anything else that is pleasant and harmless, is the best possible preventive of dram-drinking.

The foreign branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has for many years had its South American headquarters in Rio, and after much struggling and many painful and disheartening experiences has at last begun to win its way. There are very few institutions of any kind which do better work than the Young Men's Christian Association, and I was glad to go to the branch in Rio de Janeiro, expecting merely to say a word of greeting to the members themselves. However, I found the hall of meeting jammed with an audience for the most part composed of Brazilians, including members of the Government, judges, Senators, and Deputies. I had to make them a short speech. The

reason I mention the incident is because my audience was so obviously of a very high character. They represented a type both intellectual and forceful; they were men with whom we would be glad to associate in any movement for social betterment in the United States. I made them precisely the type of address that I would have made to a similar audience in my own country, and they responded precisely as an audience in my own country would have responded. Evidently the feelings to which I appealed, the ideals which I upheld, were the same in Rio de Janeiro as in New York City.

There is a very attractive social life in Rio. The political Constitution is modeled upon that of the United States—whereas under the Empire the Constitution was modeled on that of Great Britain. The intellectual stimulus comes chiefly from France; more French than Portuguese books are read. The social life is, of course, founded on that of the Iberian Peninsula, but with very distinct differences, being far more advanced and modern. The theaters, the clubs, and the people who go to the theaters and frequent the clubs, and the young people who go to the dinners and dances, are like those in the other great civilized capitals, whether of Europe or America.

One of the most interesting things I did was to visit the Bacteriological Institute, a few miles outside of Rio. Its head is a Brazilian, Dr. Cruzes, a man of the class of Pasteur and Gorgas, who in Brazil has headed the fight against those obscure insects and plants and those baleful microscopic organisms which are responsible for the most terrible diseases against which humanity, and especially humanity in the tropics, has to contend. The laboratory was admirable in its equipment, and even more admirable in the manifest spirit and intelligence of its men. Many scores of dread diseases, from cholera and the bubonic plague to yellow fever and malaria, are here studied with the utmost patience and success, and in many cases remedies are finally devised. The part that is being played by Brazil in the great warfare of applied science against the most dangerous foes of man is not generally appreciated abroad, and of itself entitles Brazil to stand abreast of the foremost civilized nations. There was one touch in connection with Dr. Cruzes which so pleased me that I cannot forbear repeating it. Everything about the building in which Dr. Cruzes and his

assistants work is of the newest and most advanced type. The library contains all the best publications of the day of a medical and scientific character. The thought is necessarily expressed in terms of Darwin and Huxley; evolution is accepted precisely as gravitation is accepted, yet this in no sense means the reign of materialism. The doctor took us through the little bedroom in which he sleeps when in the building. By his bed were three books. One was an excellent French publication in which I noticed a purely scientific article on the comparative evolution of religions. The other two were "The Imitation of Christ" and a life of Joan of Arc. Surely such catholicity of taste in things spiritual and intellectual marks the kind of scientist who ought to be typical of the science of the future. The incident bore out the assurance repeatedly given me that in Brazil there was genuine religious freedom, that there was complete tolerance of all shades of religious belief and non-belief, and at the same time none of the anti-clerical intolerance which in certain modern nations has at times risen to a height of fanaticism as objectionable as the theological intolerance which culminated in the Inquisition.

Among the many beautiful and indeed wonderful trips which the traveler through Rio should take, one of the most remarkable and best worth taking is at the city's very doors. On one side of the entrance to the harbor is a giant rock, a sheer-sided hill called the Sugar Loaf from its shape. An aerial trolley has been arranged during the last eight months to the top of this Sugar Loaf, passing over the top of another hill lower but equally precipitous. It was no small feat to establish this trolley in such a place, and it was done by active, energetic Brazilians, with no outside help of any kind—a further proof of the way in which the Brazil of to-day has awakened. It is the kind of thing that any American would be proud to see performed by his fellow-citizens in any part of the United States. From the top of the Sugar Loaf there is a wonderful view over the ocean and the mighty and beautiful bay. In no other city can such a view be obtained, especially at sunset; and it is as beautiful after dark, when the lights of the city shine, as during daylight.

One day we visited Tijuca Mountain, about an hour's automobile ride from the city. Like most of the mountains surrounding Rio

de Janeiro harbor, it is lofty and abrupt of outline, and covered by a most beautiful tropical forest. Palms, tree ferns, cypress, and a multitude of other trees are laced together by the lianas that twine around the trunks and hang in great loops and festoons from the branches. Here and there are lovely cascades, and wherever a spot has been cleared there is the usual wonderful view of some portion of the great harbor. We came back to the city by a road that led us close to the ocean shore, dropping down to it through a wild gorge and ascending from it through another pass between two mountains.

In the afternoon of the same day we went to a garden party given by the President in the Botanical Gardens. These gardens were a mass of brilliant green verdure, and every kind of tropical tree grew therein, including spreading clusters of bamboos, beneath whose overhanging shafts the road lay in dark shadow. As everywhere in the city, the royal palms made the most marked feature, stretching away in straight double rows, the crowned shafts with their severe and simple outlines combining in curious fashion both delicacy and strength. There were some fifteen hundred people present, very well dressed, both men and women, and with charming manners, simple and dignified. The pretty girls with their pretty dresses made a striking spectacle under and among the beautiful trees.

There was one touch at the gardens that illustrates an element of the Brazilian character which it would be well for us more often to imitate. The royal palms are not Brazilian trees, but were brought here over a hundred years ago from the West Indies. The first palm which was then planted, the mother palm, is still erect, and not only does a tablet in front of it commemorate its origin, but opposite it is the statue of the King under whom it was brought hither. The Republic shows both self-confidence and magnanimity by the unhesitating manner in which it commemorates any deed done or service rendered by one of the Emperors. Not only has Dom Pedro's name been kept to designate streets and buildings, but a statue has been erected to him under the auspices of the present President. This is not only a remarkable contrast to what has been done in the French Republic, but to what has at least occasionally been done by ourselves. When Brazil was made a republic, there was no effort whatever to sever the continuity of relations

between the past and the present; and the result has been healthful in every way.

The most beautiful of all the trips around Rio is that to the Corcovado Mountain. From the top of the mountain there is the best view of the city and the bay that can be obtained anywhere. The onlooker realizes for the first time how spread out Rio is. The city extends along the shore of the bay, which is deeply broken by harbors and promontories, and, furthermore, it stretches out until its front extends far along the ocean itself. Mountain after mountain rises directly out of the city—perhaps they should be called hills rather than mountains, but they are so high and sheer that it is inexact to term them only hills. Some of the smaller ones have been cut down, in whole or in part, to make room for streets and buildings. The others have been left untouched, and the city spreads round them like a lake round its islands.

The most strikingly beautiful part of Corcovado Mountain is a walk which stretches for three or four miles along the steep, forest-clad slopes that *front* the ocean. It is a broad, shady pathway, smooth and well kept, and on its inner side runs a gray, moss-covered aqueduct built by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century, still in excellent repair, for its age has merely given it beauty. This aqueduct is open, and a clear stream of water runs along it, delicious and healthy to drink, as the water of Rio invariably is. The path follows the winding buttresses of the mountain slope, bowered in the wonderful luxuriance of the tropical forest. For the most part one walks under a shaded archway, but here and there there are breaks from which one can see far over the ocean and up and down the mountain-side through the teeming luxuriance of the virgin forest. I have never seen, and I have never heard of, so beautiful a walk so close to a great city. There is nothing more beautiful in the most beautiful parts of Italy; and in Italy there is too apt to be some revolting lack of cleanliness to mar even what is most beautiful, whereas around Rio the cleanliness and wholesomeness surpass that of even our northern cities.

One day we went to Petropolis, a town founded by Dom Pedro, high among the mountains some thirty miles from Rio. These mountains are very bold and sheer in outline, with immense cliffs, and are densely covered by the wonderful tropical

forest. In Petropolis the weather is always cool and pleasant, and during the hot summer months all people who can spend the nights there.

Rio itself is unusually pleasant for a tropical city in the hot months. Beaches of white sand stretch along the edge of the ocean. Everywhere in the neighborhood of the city the water is so clean that bathing is a delight. I have never seen a city in which improvements were being more rapidly pushed forward, and the plans already under way include wooded avenues and pleasure grounds as charming as those of Paris—not to mention a great bathing and pleasure resort which is to have all the popular attractions of Coney Island! I was told that the widening of the streets, the beautifying of the old parks, and the creation of so many new parks and playgrounds had worked a very marked change in the lives of the inhabitants. They now live out of doors far more than formerly.

An interesting feature of this out-of-door life was the amount of football that was played. In the various parks and playgrounds there were football fields, and if the space was too limited for regular match play, then small plots with goal posts were provided for practice. Every day we saw hundreds of men and boys playing football. It was not the Rugby, and still less the American college game, but Association or soccer football, as played in England.

Altogether, I felt that Rio need fear no comparison with any modern capital, from New York to Berlin; I had never realized, and I doubt whether many of our people realize, the extraordinary, the bewildering advance that has been made by Rio de Janeiro—and by Brazil—of recent years; an advance largely due to the creation of the Republic—a fact worth calling to the attention of pessimists concerning popular government.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE BEES

(FOUNDED ON AN OLD ENGLISH SUPERSTITION)

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

'Tis Christmas Eve in an Old World garden,
 An English garden of long ago,
 And down in the dusk of the privet hedges
 The beehives stand in a goodly row.
 Still is each trim little conical dwelling,
 Still are the delicate wings below;
 Hardly the wind dares venture a whisper
 Over the beds where the flowers grow.

*Still, still, garden and field and hill,
 Waiting the radiant Christmas morn.
 Waiting the heav'nly morn.*

Midnight strikes from the ivied tower,—
 Hark, what a clamor the tolling brings!
 Bells in the distance joyfully answer;
 Earth, rejoicing, an anthem sings.
 Down where the honey-bees cling and cluster,
 Buzzing, humming, a carol rings—
 "Christ is born!" so the golden chorus;
 "Praise Him! ye that have voice and wings!"

*Sing, sing, ye that have voice and wings.
 Sing, for the Sun of the World is born,
 Sing, for the Christ is born!*

FROM SAINT NICHOLAS TO SANTA CLAUS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Believers in Santa Claus may be interested to learn about the origin of the stories in the ensuing article. The chief events here narrated are taken from two Greek manuscripts, dating back to the tenth century, belonging to the Zion Monastery at Myra. The stories that relate to the Emperor Constantine are found in a tenth-century manuscript, an uncial fragment of which is perhaps a century older. The oldest historic monument of the children's saint is, it appears, the church which Justinian built at Constantinople and dedicated to St. Priscus and St. Nicholas. Justinian was born in 483 A.D. and died in 565 A.D.; so this church dates about two centuries after the saint's death. That this was the real Santa Claus known to-day is ocularly demonstrated, we think, by the three pictures printed in the illustrated section of this number of The Outlook. Mr. Johnston, who writes thus about the Saint of Christmas, is a native of Ireland, a graduate of Dublin University. Formerly in the civil service in India, he is now a citizen of the United States. He is an accomplished linguist.—THE EDITORS.

CHILDREN everywhere love Santa Claus and believe in him. And the children are right. For Santa Claus is real, as real as St. Paul or Julius Cæsar or George Washington. But Santa Claus is not his full name, it is only his pet name among children. His full name is Saint Nicholas. The Germans call him Sankt Nicolaus, and their children have turned this into Sankt Claus, or, as we call him, Santa Claus; so that is how the great Greek saint of the fourth century comes by his child name.

What a happy fate for a saint, or for any one, that his name should always be bound up with gifts to children, with deeds of loving-kindness and tender mercy, with warm-hearted help for the poor and needy, the helpless and distressed. Nicholas is the patron saint and guardian of children, but he is also, in a special way, the protector of sailors and travelers by sea; and all along the coasts of Europe are little chapels built in honor of St. Nicholas, where sailors and fishermen go to pray before they set forth upon the deep.

Not only little chapels are built to this generous bringer of gifts; there are great churches and cathedrals in many cities, all over Christendom, East and West. Of the three cathedrals in New York, one, the Russian, is dedicated to him. But though he is so great a saint in the Eastern Church, he is not less popular in the West, among Protestants and Catholics alike. In England, for instance, there are more churches named after Saint Nicholas than there are days in the year, more than twice as many as are named after St. George, the patron saint of England. Yet he is even more popular in Catholic Italy, where several

cities have chosen him for their patron, from Venice in the north to Bari in the south.

Wonderful to tell, Saint Nicholas is almost equally popular among the Mohammedans, who greatly reverence Christ, and always rise, in sign of respect, when the name of Jesus is mentioned. Among the persons of the Old Testament they have the greatest admiration for Elijah, whose character and power were very like those of Saint Nicholas, though Nicholas greatly surpassed Elijah in his love of children and in generosity. Strangest of all, Saint Nicholas is the chosen saint of the Laplanders and Samoyeds and North Siberian peoples, who are not Christians at all, but heathens. They say that he often comes to save them from storms on the white Arctic seas, and that in the sparkling polar nights they see him among the green and red streamers of the aurora, a tall man, dark, with a white beard, and with gleaming, kindly eyes. He comes to them, bringing gifts; good seal-hunting, or a fine catch of salmon, or perhaps a white bear cub.

How has this Greek of olden time come to be so loved and admired and adored by all the world? Chiefly through the splendor of his character and life, his fiery courage and gracious gifts, and through the humility which went ever with his superb valor and loving-kindness.

He was an only child, and, like Isaac and John the Baptist, a child of promise, who came to his father and mother after they had waited for him and prayed for him through long, lonely years. They were rich Greeks, who lived in the city of Patara, on the coast of Lycia, at the southwest corner of Asia Minor. When as a little boy Nicholas

long island of Crete was away to his right over the shining waters; Cyprus was an equal distance away on his left, and Alexandria and Egypt were immediately in front of him under the sun at noonday. In part because they had waited so long for him and he was their only child, and in part because he was such a fiery-hearted, lovable boy, his father and mother adored him, and told wonderful stories about him even from his cradle days. They said that when he was being baptized he knelt three times in the font, in honor of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. They said also that on the fast days of the Church the babe would drink no milk until after sunset.

Nicholas was born about two hundred and sixty years after the first of all Christmases. His name, in Greek Nikolaos, means "the conqueror of the people," and from childhood he conquered all hearts by his warm and generous love, and by his splendid courage too, so that in pictures he often carries a drawn sword in his right hand as the symbol of valor. At school he was always one of the best of the scholars; and he loved, too, to go often to church, remaining there alone and praying. So great was his love for the church, and such a burning desire to serve the Master Christ filled his heart even from boyhood, that, with the eager consent and good will of his father and mother, he dedicated himself to the Master and offered his services to the Church. His uncle, Bishop Nicholas of Patara, watched lovingly over him, and ordained him a deacon and later a priest. When he laid his hands on the head of the younger Nicholas to ordain him, Bishop Nicholas said: "Brothers, I see the rising of a new sun above the earth, the coming of gentle consolation for the sorrowful. Blessed is the flock which shall have him as its shepherd. He will lovingly bring back the sheep that wander away from the fold, feeding them in happy pastures, a warm helper of those in need."

We come now to the story of how Saint Nicholas first brought secret gifts to children when they were asleep, the first act that made him Santa Claus, giver of presents in the darkness.

Bishop Nicholas had long ardently desired to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to see the place where Jesus was born, and where he taught on the Mount of Olives, and where he was crucified on Golgotha. So, leaving his nephew as keeper of his flock, he entered a

stood on the shore looking out to sea, the ship in the harbor and sailed to Joppa, the port of Judea, from which the road winds up among the hills to Jerusalem. At that time the father and mother of the young Nicholas died, leaving him a great fortune. He determined to keep none of it for himself, but to give it all away in gifts to those who needed it, and also to give so secretly that no one should know whence the gift came.

It happened that a very learned man in Patara, who had been rich, lost all his wealth. He had three daughters, whose mother had died, and he and they were so poor that at last, in great sorrow, he had almost decided to sell them as slaves, rather than keep them and watch them dying of starvation. Nicholas heard of this, and, filling a purse with money, he went secretly by night, wondering how he could give the gift without being seen. As he stood there, the moon came from behind a cloud and he saw a bedroom window open. So, stealing up under the open window, he threw in the purse of gold, and stole away in the darkness. This he did a second and a third time. The learned man was very happy, and determined to watch at night to see who brought the gifts; and the third time, when the purse fell on the bedroom floor, he ran after Nicholas and caught him, kneeling before him in the road and thanking him with tears of joy for saving his dear children from slavery. Nicholas made him promise solemnly not to reveal who it was that had given the gift; and, ever after that, he gave his gifts so secretly that no one saw him. Yet it came to be known that it was he who brought the presents under cover of the darkness. So when people found the gift, they said, "Saint Nicholas has brought it."

Because of this story of the three golden purses Saint Nicholas is often shown in pictures carrying three purses, or three balls, of gold. He continued to feed the hungry, to clothe the poor and needy, to redeem debtors from slavery, to give gifts to children, whom he greatly loved; but always secretly, because of his great humility, because he did not wish his good deeds to be known.

Now comes the first of the stories which connect him with the sea and make him the special guardian of sailors and their protector against storms. After the return of his uncle, Bishop Nicholas, from the Holy Land, the younger Nicholas determined to go, in his turn, to Jerusalem. When the ship had sailed to the south and was coming near

to Egypt, Nicholas told the captain that he saw the storm demon hurrying toward the ship, seeking to overwhelm it, and soon after a great storm arose, so that even the sailors were in despair. But Nicholas prayed and reassured them, and the storm passed by. And they believed that he had power to still the waves, as Christ did on the Sea of Galilee, according to the words: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." After the storm a sailor who was mending a torn sail fell from the mast and lay on the deck as if dead. Saint Nicholas kneeled beside him and prayed, and raised him again, and he rose up strong and well. And the sailors related that Nicholas had raised the fallen sailor from the dead. So strong and benign was he, and so full of fiery kindness, that it was easy for people to believe that he had wonderful spiritual power to help and to heal. It is told that, when the ship came to Alexandria, Nicholas laid his hands on many of the sick and healed them, and that he gave presents to many children, who loved to follow him in the streets, and that he greatly comforted many who were in distress.

It was told that, when he went to Golgotha to worship in the church built where Christ was crucified, the doors of the church opened before him of themselves, as a sign that the doors of heaven would also open before him.

After he had prayed at the Holy Sepulcher, Nicholas wished, like Elijah of old and like John the Baptist, to go away into the wilderness, to dwell alone in prayer. But the divine voice forbade him to go, bidding him return to Patara to work among men.

So he returned. The captain of the ship treacherously designed to carry him away to a foreign city, to sell him as a slave. But Nicholas knew it, and prayed, and a storm came up from the south and carried the ship to the coast of Lycia, to Patara, the home of Nicholas. Generously he forgave the captain, not seeking to punish him, but sending him away repentant.

At Patara Bishop Nicholas had built a monastery, a house of quietness and prayer, calling it Zion; there Saint Nicholas wished to live in silence and solitude. But the divine voice again forbade him, saying, "If thou wouldst be crowned by me, go forth and work among men, that I may be glorified in thee."

So Nicholas, wishing to work where not even his name was known, left Patara by

night, and went along the shore till he came to Myra, the greatest city of Lycia, where he knew no one, and had not even a friend whom he could ask to shelter him. And it happened that Archbishop John, of Myra, had just died; and the bishops of all Lycia were gathered together in the cathedral to elect his successor. After much debate they decided that the choice should be made, not by men, but by the Lord. Therefore they all prayed that the Lord might make known to them whom they should choose. And as the eldest slept, One stood before him in a dream, and said: "Watch at the door of the cathedral. He who shall come first in the morning shall be your bishop. His name is Nicholas."

In the morning, Nicholas, coming from Patara, arrived very early at the cathedral, and they that watched greeted him and asked his name; and at first, through humility, wishing to remain unknown, he would not answer. Then again they asked him, and he said:

"My name is Nicholas."

So, because he came first to the church, and because of his name and his humility, they knew that it was he who should be chosen, so they consecrated him, and he became the Archbishop of Myra. He himself had dreamed not long before that the Saviour came to him and blessed him and gave him a book of the Gospels adorned with gold and jewels. With the Saviour was Mother Mary, who gave Saint Nicholas a broad sash-band to be worn across the shoulders, to signify the lost lamb which the Good Shepherd lost, and sought, and found, and set upon his shoulders, and brought home, rejoicing. So Saint Nicholas is represented with the shoulder-band and the book in many pictures. Thus he became chief shepherd of the flock of Lycian Myra. His door was always open. He was gracious and kind to all, a father to fatherless children, a helper of the helpless, a comforter of those who mourned, a friend of all.

In those days Diocletian and Maximian divided the great empire of Rome between them. Because of his open and courageous preaching Nicholas was arrested for refusing to worship the statues of the emperors, and was cast into a dungeon.

After Constantine became Emperor of Rome a brighter day dawned for those who bore the name of Christ. One of the stories about Nicholas tells how by his appeals he saved the people of Lycia from Constantine's

army that had been sent there to suppress a rebellion. Another tells how Nicholas, flaming with indignation and pity, saved three innocent men from execution by the Governor of Myra, rebuked the Governor's fury at this intervention, and then accepted the Governor's repentance and gave him blessing and forgiveness. Another, reminding one of some modern tales of thought transference, relates how Constantine himself saw in a dream the soul of Nicholas standing before him and heard him order the release of three condemned generals, and how the Emperor, in response to that dream, liberated the prisoners.

These are some of the great stories of Nicholas. There are many more, of his fiery power, his splendid courage, his burning love, his delight in the love of little children. Such was his power that, when he died, all men believed that death had not lessened his power, but had increased it and set him free to carry out his works of mercy to the weak and the distressed. So it came that all the East revered Saint Nicholas the Wonder-worker, and when, six hundred and sixty years later, Vladimir of Russia came to Constantinople to be baptized, he carried back with him among the Christian teachings the splendid story of Nicholas. From the Russians the knowledge of Saint Nicholas went northward to the Lapps and Samoyeds, the people of the reindeer sleds, among whom his popularity is boundless. From them perhaps comes the story of the reindeer sled in which Saint Nicholas carries the presents which he gives to good children.

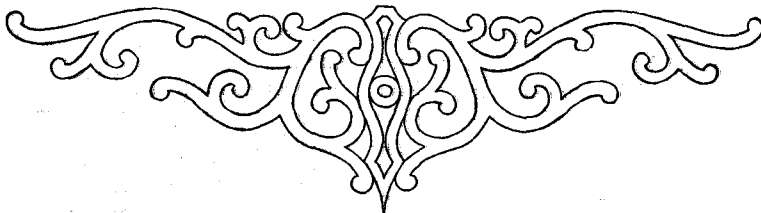
Shortly after Russia became Christian the Saracens conquered Asia Minor, laid Lycia waste, and turned Myra into a ruin. The people of Bari, on the heel of Italy, heard of it, and, sending ships, brought the body of Nicholas to their city, and built a splendid church in his honor. From Bari his fame spread through the Western world, as it had already spread over the East.

There were always those who believed and

testified, in East and West alike, that Saint Nicholas had not ceased to bring help and gifts when he laid aside his earthly body, he came to them, they said, when they were in instant peril. And sailors testified that they owed their safety to his power to calm the tempests. So chapels and churches began to be built in his name, and the number of those who believed in him, and who thought that they owed to him safety and gifts, grew constantly.

Saint Nicholas died on December 6, just nineteen days before Christmas. On that day, as the church stories say, he was born into glory; therefore it is consecrated to him in the calendar of the church. In Catholic countries, both Eastern Catholic and Western Catholic, children have for centuries been taught that they are under the special care of the good Saint Nicholas, who, if they are good children and love their parents and obey them, will bring them gifts under cover of the darkness of the night, but, if they are bad and disobedient and lazy, he will come, likely enough, with a rod instead. It was originally on the eve of his own festival, on the night between the 5th and 6th of December, that he was expected by the children; but in Protestant countries the festival of Saint Nicholas was kept, while the day was changed, so that now he brings his gifts on the eve of his Master's birthday.

Saint Nicholas, or, as children love to call him, Santa Claus, is as popular, as universally beloved, as ever, and, just as throughout the centuries people were ready to testify that Saint Nicholas came to their help or brought them presents as he did while he still wore an earthly body, so we are at liberty to believe that his ancient great beneficence continues with his warm and tender love of children, that his fiery power has grown stronger through generous and unselfish use, and that, either by coming himself or by stirring the hearts of fathers and mothers to a like generosity, he still pours forth gifts on the eve of his Master's birthday to gladden the hearts of his beloved children.



GREAT MEADOW AND SING SING

"HEAVEN AND HELL IN PRISON MANAGEMENT"

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

ONE of the most serene and peaceful railway stations, ordinarily, in the State of New York is that at Comstock, in Washington County, seventy-five miles north of Albany, where trains stop at the mandate of a red flag. The only occasions on which more than three or four people come into the village by the same train are at intervals, sometimes of weeks, sometimes of months, when gangs of twenty and thirty men in prison uniform and chains, escorted by heavily armed guards, are conducted, sullen and scowling, from the station to Great Meadow Prison, half a mile away. There are three hundred voters in Comstock, whose domiciles are scattered over several square miles of territory, while six hundred convicts, who are serving terms for every crime in the calendar—from murder in the first degree downward—are housed at night in the big prison building, and during the day cultivate the 1,100-acre farm upon which it is located.

A motor truck manned by two young men with bronzed faces under broad-brimmed straw hats was starting with a load of freight from the Comstock railway station, one day last August, just as a train put down some passengers. The wife of the village storekeeper was on the platform with a tow-headed boy about three years of age. The youngster, catching sight of the men on the truck, hailed them gleefully. The vehicle came to a stop, and the man at the wheel called to the boy's mother:

"Can we take him with us?"

"If you'll be sure to bring him back in time for dinner," she replied readily.

"All right; we'll have him back in time," said the wheelman.

His companion got down from the truck and lifted the tow-headed boy to the seat, and the vehicle started away with the youngster between the two men.

"I should scarcely think that a mother would dare allow her child to go far away from home in the neighborhood of the prison farm, where all those convicts are at work," remarked one of the new arrivals to the station agent.

The railway official laughed. "Those two

men running the truck are convicts," he said. "They often take the village children for rides with them when they are hauling freight from the station."

That incident was the writer's introduction to the Great Meadow paradox—a prison the basis of whose administration is the sense of honor of convicted criminals! The conception is one that, in spite of the fact that the system has proved successful during a two-year trial, suggests comic opera; but it is, after all, only a logical outcome of the new penology that heals and saves.

Another surprise was in store for me, after which I took all surprising conditions at Great Meadow as mere matter of fact. I was talking soon after my arrival at Comstock with Warden William J. Homer on the veranda of his house, when a good-looking young man of about thirty, wearing a golf cap, with gray trousers belted to his shirt, came up the steps to hand him a letter.

"Here's somebody who can tell you a good deal about the place," said Mr. Homer.

Sitting beside the good-looking young man on the bench on the veranda, I remarked, after he had described some of the features of the honor system:

"I hope that the warden will allow me to talk to the prisoners. I want to get their own ideas about Great Meadow."

"I am a prisoner myself," said my new acquaintance, with some embarrassment. "I'm finishing the last eight months of a five-year term."

He proved to be a former Broadway musical director, who had shot his wife, without seriously injuring her, as the wind-up of a protracted spree. He had been transferred to Great Meadow from Sing Sing a year before, and, by direction of the warden, was devoting his time and energies to the tuition of other prisoners with musical talent. A military band and an orchestra, each with its full complement of players selected from the inmates, most of whom had never handled a musical instrument before they were sentenced to prison, are evidence of the director's capacity. The orchestra gave a concert in the prison chapel that morning in honor of several visitors to the institution, among

them the wife of one of the inmates. She and her husband sat with the other guests of the warden during the concert, the numbers of which included a very creditably played violin solo by a man who had learned the instrument on the Comstock farm, and songs by a young Jew with a voice of unusual purity and strength. While the warden and his guests were at dinner that evening a piano and violin played by prisoners made agreeable music in the next room, and the young Jew sang sentimental ditties.

We heard the band at the ball game that afternoon. Yes, there is a baseball game at Great Meadow every Saturday during the summer, the competing nines being formed from among the prisoners, who are allowed an hour's practice on each of the other working days of the week. The rest of the inmates attend the game in a body, and conduct themselves exactly like any other baseball enthusiasts.

The Great Meadow experimental station is merely an 1,100-acre farm, on which is a big house with six hundred comfortable rooms in which the farm-hands are locked up each night. The house is called a prison, and the rooms are known as cells. However, the cell block is as light, bright, and cheerful as a sun-parlor. The walls facing the cells are more than half in glass, and the occupants look right out into the open country, with a fine view of the Adirondacks in one direction and of the Green Mountains of Vermont in another. The cells are the size of some hall bedrooms, but they are better furnished and more sanitary than most hall bedrooms that are rented in the big cities. The beds are of polished steel, and there are an electric light, sanitary plumbing, and running water in each cell. Everything that modern sanitation has taught has been employed in the construction of the cell block. All the corners have been rounded off, and dirt and dust, the generating places of disease germs, find no place for lodgment. Incidentally, there is no hospital at Great Meadow, although space has been left for one. The only subjects for hospital treatment since Warden Homer has been in charge of the prison were one man with a broken leg and one with pneumonia, both of whom are all right now.

The Great Meadow idea goes back to the time of Prison Superintendent Cornelius V. Collins (who preceded Joseph S. Scott in that office), and was the conception of Fred-

erick H. Mills, former sales agent of the Prison Department, to whom with Mr. Collins many prison reforms are due. Mr. Mills's plan was the erection of a prison to be made the apex of New York's system, in which unusual privileges were to be granted, and transference to which was to be a reward for good conduct on the part of the inmates of the other State prisons, and also a measure providing for their leaving prison in good health after work in the open. The carrying out of this scheme to an extreme that staggers the most hopeful advocates of prison humanizing is the work of William J. Homer.

These are the physical conditions at Great Meadow. The warden, his wife, and their daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen years, occupy the large and handsome residence on the prison grounds, a quarter of a mile from the cell block. During the summer Mr. and Mrs. Homer generally have a number of visitors; not only family friends but many penologists and prison officials from other States who come to see with their own eyes the wonders wrought among men under punishment for crime who, under different prison conditions, might be ravaging wolves. A lady with a daughter about the age of Miss Homer, and a family comprising husband and wife and a boy of ten, were visitors at the warden's home at the time of my visit; and the Rev. Jacob Goldstein, pastor of Temple Beth Sholom in Brooklyn, who is also Jewish chaplain of the Tombs and Sing Sing prisons and a well-known penologist, was spending a part of his summer holiday as a guest of Mr. Homer in a study of the honor system. All the work of the Homer household—cooking, housework, waiting on table, and the rest—is done (and remarkably well done) by convicted criminals who are not even under the surveillance of guards.

There is approximately one keeper to every fourteen prisoners at Great Meadow, as in the other prisons of the State, but the guards carry no weapons—not even canes. The six hundred prisoners, so far as forcible restraint or opposition is concerned, might at any time during the day overcome their guards and do as they would with the warden and his family and guests. In a body they might sack Comstock and other villages adjacent before they could be brought under restraint. It is safe to say that the most modern of penologists would not have dared, before Warden Homer's accomplishment, to predict the possibility of

allowing so great a degree of liberty to six hundred men who had been living unnatural lives in confinement for years. Yet Warden Homer and his household are as safe from concerted attack as any other residents of the State. So jealous are the prisoners of Great Meadow of the reputation of the institution—and the element of selfishness enters into the question, for anything calculated to demonstrate weakness in the honor system would endanger their privileges—that it is probable that they would lynch that one among them who might be guilty of conduct prejudicial to the continued success of Warden Homer's experiment; I obtained that impression at least from talks with the men. Rabbi Goldstein, who has had many years of experience in prisons in this and other countries, was as amazed as myself at the Great Meadow conditions. Secretary Orlando F. Lewis, of the Prison Association of New York, who has inspected many of the penal institutions of the civilized world, and who visited Comstock a week before Rabbi Goldstein, expressed as great astonishment as he at the extraordinary control of the warden over his charges. When Mr. Homer, at the Convention of the American Prison Association in Baltimore last summer, read a paper on the honor system at Great Meadow, many prison officials in the audience flatly refused to credit his statements as to the liberty he allowed the inmates. To-day every warden and prison official at all interested in his work throughout the country is taking advantage of the first opportunity to visit the institution at Comstock and see things for himself; for while there are a number of prisons in the United States and elsewhere in which the honor system is in vogue, Warden Homer, while carrying it to as great lengths as any of his contemporaries, has found an unparalleled responsiveness on the part of the men.

Among the inmates of Great Meadow at the time of my visit was the draft of sixty men from Sing Sing who had been foremost among the mutineers that set fire to that institution in July. These men had been sent to Comstock to relieve the congestion in Sing Sing, and are not all merit men, as is usually the case. Nevertheless, they had been thoroughly assimilated by the others, and if there was one among them who did not appreciate the change in conditions and was not emphatic in his praise of Warden Homer, Rabbi Goldstein and I—who were turned in among the men in the prison yard with permission to

ask them any questions on any subject we pleased—failed to find him.

"At Sing Sing," said an alumnus of that institution, "I ate grub three times a day that would sicken a buzzard. I slept in a cell so damp that if I spat on the floor that spot remained wet for a week. I fought my keepers every time I got a chance. It was the only way I could get even. There ain't the difference between hell and heaven there is between Sing Sing and this place."

"Coming here from Sing Sing," said another man, obviously a New Yorker, "is like moving from Hester Street up to Riverside Drive."

On the day of the arrival at Great Meadow of the draft from Sing Sing, just after their irons had been struck off and the men stood sullen and rebellious in the prison yard, a "lifer" among them who had served eighteen years and had two more to run (under a recent law prisoners sentenced for life are eligible for parole at the expiration of twenty years) was summoned by a guard.

"The warden wants to see you," he said. "You go down this road about a quarter of a mile, and then turn to the left. He lives in the big white house at the top of the hill."

The man looked at the guard in amazement, and then realized that he was to be trusted to go alone to call upon the prison head. When he reached the house and the warden cheerily called him by name, the prisoner could not speak, and, after several efforts at articulation, burst into tears. When he was able partly to control himself he stammered:

"It's the first time in eighteen years that I've moved a hundred feet without a man with a club or a gun behind me."

"That's all over now," said Mr. Homer, gently. "Try and forget about it. I sent for you to ask if you would like to be my personal messenger while you are here. You've had a hard time of it for a long while, and I want you to have one of the easy jobs now."

That is one illustration of the Homer method. Here is another: A particularly dangerous man, who had stabbed six or seven other inmates while in Sing Sing, was several months ago transferred to Great Meadow; for while only men with good records are ordinarily eligible to that institution, wardens of other prisons occasionally get rid of a troublesome inmate by slipping him in with a draft bound for Com-

stock; Mr. Homer, who believes that one man is as tractable as another when he is treated right, never makes any objection. Getting word on this occasion that a presumed incorrigible had arrived, the warden sent for him. In other prisons the dangerous convict had always been taken into the presence of the warden between two armed guards, who remained during the interview. At Great Meadow, however, a single guard escorted him to the door of the prison office and told him to knock and go in. The convict, prepared for a stern warning that any infraction of the prison rules would be followed by exemplary punishment, faced the warden defiantly.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Homer, pleasantly. "What was your job on the outside?"

"Chauffeur," responded the bad man, with all the insolence he could concentrate into one word.

"Good," said the warden, without taking the slightest notice of the other's offensive manner. "We've just got a new three-ton gasoline truck, and there is no one here who can run it. I'll put you in charge of it."

Both the chauffeur and the warden's messenger have proved entirely worthy of the confidence he has placed in them, and so have more than ninety-nine per cent of the other inmates of Great Meadow. Two men out of more than a thousand in his charge have run away during Mr. Homer's administration, and six have been sent back to the other prisons. The men who ran away did so probably out of an abstract love of liberty that they were unable to resist when an opportunity for freedom offered itself, for their terms of imprisonment had nearly expired and they had been among the best behaved and most contented of the prisoners. The men who had to be sent away from Great Meadow had been found to be incurably quarrelsome, and thus exerted a bad influence upon the others.

Mr. Homer came to Great Meadow on July 17, 1911, and took charge of the prison the following day. When he arrived, the men were shouting and bellowing in their cells, as prisoners are wont to do when they believe that they have a grievance. Visiting the outgoing warden's office on the day of his arrival, Mr. Homer saw a colored man, who had just been "chalked in" for punishment, marched off for ten days' confinement in a dark cell, which meant that he would lose thirty good-conduct marks and that his term in prison would be lengthened. Asking what

offense the man had been guilty of, Mr. Homer was informed that he had been talking to another convict without permission. His first act as warden the next day was to have the Negro brought into his office.

"A nigger can't get a square deal here," was the man's complaint.

"Yes, he can," said the new warden. "You're going to get one now, and every man in this prison, black and white, is going to have a square deal, too."

He countermanded the order for the colored man's punishment, and the same day had the dark cells torn out of the prison. How news is conveyed in an institution where the inmates are not supposed to communicate with one another at will even the keepers do not know, but within an hour information that the new warden had commuted a prisoner's punishment and abolished the dark cells had reached every convict at Great Meadow. The shouting in the cells ceased as if by magic, and has never been resumed.

There were twenty-four rules for the conduct of prisoners posted in the cells when Warden Homer took charge at Great Meadow, a violation of any one of which meant punishment. Arguing that if there were no rules to violate there could be no punishment for violating them, Mr. Homer abolished the written rules altogether. In their stead he issued two oral rules to the men: not to talk in their cells or at meals—rules that are seldom violated. Punishment takes the form of solitary confinement in a light cell where the prisoner can see the others at liberty on the farm. This confinement lasts only until the offender sends to the warden and apologizes for his misconduct. One of the new warden's first steps was to lessen the authority of the guards over the prisoners, so that it might be difficult for them to exercise any petty tyranny. In the event of an issue of veracity between a guard and a prisoner, Mr. Homer takes the word of the prisoner—"If an injustice is done, the guard is in a better position to suffer than the other man," he says. Those of the guards who clung to the idea that a convict was not entitled to the same consideration as another human being the new warden got rid of as rapidly as possible. It was not until last summer that he ventured to take their weapons away from the guards; but things have run on as smoothly as ever at Great Meadow since. There were one hundred and thirty-nine inmates at Great Meadow when Warden

Homer began his administration. These men he summoned to his office singly and in groups of three or four, and explained the honor system he proposed to introduce—which was merely that each man should give his word not to try to escape, and in return be allowed all the liberty possible under prison surveillance. A celebrated confidence man who was concluding a fifteen-year sentence in the Comstock institution proved a useful ally to the new warden. He had a great deal of influence with the others, and used it to further Mr. Homer's efforts to bring his scheme to fruition. It was in March, 1912, the beginning of the farming season, that the new order went into effect at Great Meadow, and since that time the number of prisoners on honor not to leave the farm without permission has increased to six hundred, more than a thousand men altogether having been permitted to avail themselves of the privileges of the system.

The men leave the farm unaccompanied by guards whenever their work makes it necessary. During my visit a man sentenced for life, who had served fifteen years in Sing Sing, and had come from that institution less than a month before, was pointed out to me driving a team of horses hauling a load of lumber. He had been five miles away from the farm entirely alone. One gang of men without a guard took their lunches almost every day last summer and were away some ten hours of the twenty-four building a dam on a creek a mile away from the cell block. One of the Great Meadow prisoners has charge of one hundred and fifty pigs, and another of about the same number of sheep; both men are often out alone all night looking after their charges during the breeding season.

On the day of my arrival at Comstock, Warden Homer was sending seven prisoners to Valatie, Columbia County, where they were to work on the construction of the new women's prison. They traveled without shackles of any kind, and in charge of one guard, from whom they might have escaped at almost any point of the journey. The ceremony at their departure was brief. "You give me your word that you will accompany the guard straight to Valatie?" asked Mr. Homer. Each man put up his hand in assent, and each kept his word. It may be mentioned that these were picked men. On the same day the warden sent railway fare to a Great Meadow prisoner who had been at work har-

vesting at Wingdale, the abandoned prison site in Dutchess County, and had asked permission to come back alone, a distance of some two hundred miles, with railway changes at Chatham and Albany. The inmates of Great Meadow discussed this man's journey in the prison yard, and not one of them expressed the slightest doubt that the traveler would come direct to Comstock. He arrived on Monday afternoon, and, after reporting at the prison, called at the warden's house to express hearty thanks for having been permitted to come "home" by himself. This is the first time in the history of the State that a convict has transferred himself alone from one prison to another.

Since this time Warden Homer has carried his experiments even further. In September the following special despatch from Comstock appeared in the New York "Times:" "Eight convicts who had been working at the State farm at Valatie arrived at Great Meadow Prison at Comstock this evening. These men had been at Valatie since July. John H. Mealey, agent of the farm, came with them as far as Albany. The men traveled the rest of the way alone. On the same train were fourteen men who were sent from Great Meadow to Wingdale early in July to work on the prison site. These men were unaccompanied. They traveled by the Harlem Division of the New York Central to Chatham, thence by the Boston and Albany to Albany, and north to Great Meadow by the Delaware and Hudson."

As one detail after another of men from the other State prisons have arrived at Comstock, it has been Warden Homer's practice to bring them from the train to the prison yard, where their shackles are removed, and the other prisoners quickly surround them to tell them of the conditions existing at the new institution. Within as brief a period as possible the warden has a private interview in his office with each new arrival; he asks him what kind of work he would like to try on the farm; he talks with him about his future, ascertaining whether or not he knows a trade by which he may support himself after leaving prison, endeavoring in every possible way to make the man understand that he has found a friend who will do everything in his power to help him begin a new life. Not one prisoner thus far has failed to respond to the warden's advances, the most difficult subject being a young Italian under sentence for manslaughter. This youth said to Mr.

Homer afterward: "I had made up my mind to kill the first man, keeper or prisoner, who gave me the slightest occasion for it, and go to the electric chair. You are the first person who has taken any interest in me since I was six years old, and my feeling toward life has changed." The young man is now on parole and at work in Yonkers. He recently wrote to Mr. Homer to inform him that he had started a bank account. The warden receives letters from former convicts almost daily, telling him of their new prospects in life, and invariably expressing warmest gratitude for what he has done on their behalf. There are more than a hundred ex-prisoners on probation from Comstock working on farms within a radius of a few miles from the prison, and all are "making good." No prejudice against ex-convicts as workmen exists among the farmers of Washington County.

I have referred to Mr. Homer's work at Great Meadow as an experiment; but he has at least proved the honor system a workable hypothesis while he is at the head of it. But could another man exercise the same control under the same conditions? It is probable that he could—if there were another man just like Mr. Homer. The name of the warden of Great Meadow belongs on the list headed by Abou Ben Adhem in his legendary dream. Mr. Homer loves his fellow-men. Said Rabbi Goldstein to me: "I could not understand—in fact, I did not believe—the stories I had heard of the relations between warden and prisoners at Great Meadow, until I saw Homer's face; then I knew the secret of his control." The warden's face, crowned with prematurely white hair (for he is only forty-four years of age), would be saintly in its kindliness if one associated saintliness with domination. No criminal, however hardened, can look into Mr. Homer's eyes and disbelieve him when he tells him that he is going to be his friend; but he will realize that the other will make the conditions of friendship and that he will be compelled to live up to them. And Warden Homer has proved his devotion to the interests of the inmates of Great Meadow otherwise than by words. From the time he took charge of the prison on July 17, 1911, until July 4 of this year he was at his office daily, with scarcely an exception, from early morning until after midnight, every waking moment being given to the service of the crime-stained men he claimed as brothers. His evenings he set aside for discussion and counsel with the

prisoners, any one of whom was at liberty to knock at his office door and enter without further ceremony. On these occasions he learned as much as possible of the personal affairs of the men under his care; he wrote to their friends about securing work for them when their paroles should begin; he sent cheerful letters to wives in instances where families had been dismembered, giving new hope to suffering women; he corresponded with relatives and friends, letting them know that a penitent sinner was anxious to have a new chance among them, and with prosecutors whose hostility might tend to hinder the prisoner's betterment of himself on regaining liberty. This was Warden Homer's programme evening after evening, following a full day's work with the cares and responsibilities of a big State institution on his shoulders; and early in July he suffered a physical breakdown as the result of overwork. A good constitution and careful nursing have restored his health, however.

William J. Homer does not call himself a penologist. He was a business man in Elmira before he became warden at Great Meadow, and was selected for the position by the former Superintendent of Prisons, Mr. Scott, with whom he had frequently discussed prison matters. He came to Comstock unhampered by prison traditions, but with a firm belief that if he treated a man right that man would treat him right in ninety-nine out of a hundred instances. "There is a streak of good in every man," he says, "and when a prisoner has once regained his self-respect there is every hope for him."

As to whether the Great Meadow honor system shall remain an experiment or otherwise, the question is this: Should Mr. Homer be removed from the position of warden by politics, illness, or death, will it be possible to find a successor to him who will be able to hold the six hundred inmates together?

The stories told by the prisoners from Sing Sing now at Great Meadow of the former institution would be absolutely unbelievable, as they are unprintable, were it not that they are corroborated by a Westchester Grand Jury and by George W. Blake, the special commissioner appointed by Governor Sulzer to investigate the prisons and reformatories of the State. "The worst features of the prison management cannot be discussed in any public document," said Commissioner Blake in his report last April,

"but the subject is of such vital importance to the State that no time should be lost in submitting it to the attention of men competent to present a method of bettering a condition that breeds disease of the mind and body and that should touch the heart of every man with any human instincts."

The fact is that the prison edifice on the Hudson at Ossining is so many square feet of hell on earth. I am not exaggerating an iota when I assert that a person who kept a dog in some of the cells occupied by human beings in Sing Sing would be punished for cruelty by any police magistrate, and that the man who would voluntarily endure the moral atmosphere of the prison is a more degraded beast than we have any record of in history or fiction. Here are cleanly prisoners contracting deadly and loathsome diseases from unspeakable outcasts; here, known to keepers and guards, who are unable to interfere under existing conditions, men are committing unnatural crimes that, proved against them outside the prison, would send them there. There are scores of drug victims in the prison, the sale of morphine and cocaine being a traffic thus far impossible to prevent, with the result that the bestialities of half-demented inmates add to the horrors of this inferno. Last year one man in each ninety-five in Sing Sing went mad.

These are present conditions in the prison at Ossining; and, incredible as it may seem, they were immeasurably worse before James M. Clancy, the present warden, took charge last July. The cells in Sing Sing are about seven feet long, three feet four inches wide, and six feet six inches high, providing 168.67 cubic feet of air space, as against 400 cubic feet required in the East Side and municipal lodging-houses of the city of New York; so that when two men were in a cell together, as frequently occurred under previous prison administrations, they had less than a quarter of the amount of air to breathe that science declares to be essential to health. There is absolutely no plumbing in the cell-house and there are no toilet provisions. In each cell is a bucket which serves for all the prisoner's needs, and, as these buckets were emptied only once in twenty-four hours, the stench that emanated from them may be imagined. The small amount of drinking water given to the convicts was placed in a smaller bucket, which stood in the cell for hours at a time, and, as both the buckets were uncovered, the drinking water soon became contaminated.

The convicts are aroused every morning at 6:30, and by 7:30, their cells cleaned and their buckets emptied, are in the mess-hall, where a meager breakfast awaits them. At eight o'clock they are in the various workshops. At noon dinner is served in the big mess-hall, and half an hour later the men are back in the shops. They work until a quarter past three, when they have a little exercise and are given tea and a piece of bread, which they eat in their cells. That is the week-day routine; Sunday used to be a day of torture. Before Mr. Clancy's advent the convicts were allowed out of their cells for breakfast, and then they were permitted to attend divine service, provided they felt like thanking God that there was only one Sunday in the week. Under the old regulations all the inmates of the prison were then—at eleven o'clock in the morning—back in their cells with their rations for the day, no dinner being provided for them on Sunday, since that would have interfered with the keepers' day of rest. When Monday happened to be a holiday, the men were kept in their cells from four o'clock on Saturday afternoon until 6:30 o'clock Tuesday morning—a total of more than sixty hours, with the exception of the time necessary to eat breakfast on Sunday and attend religious services, and the time for one meal on Monday. The total capacity of Sing Sing Prison is 1,200 cells, and yet up to six months ago as many as 2,000 prisoners have been lodged there at one time. One of the chapels was converted into a dormitory, which has sleeping accommodations for 150 prisoners; the rest of the 2,000 were doubled up in cells. Of the plight of men in the punishment cells on very little bread and comparatively less water, the presentment of the Grand Jury last June charged horrors beyond belief.

Again it is essential to preface a statement about Sing Sing with the assertion that it is unbelievable—for who is likely to credit readily the allegation that officials of the prison conspired with rogues outside to starve the unhappy wretches in the cells, giving them rotten meat and vegetables in insufficient quantities in place of wholesome and plentiful food provided for them by the State, and pocketing the difference in the price? Yet that is just what was done at the Ossining institution before Mr. Clancy's advent. As Commissioner Blake said to me: "The average man's patience may withstand the thought of graft derived from bricks and stone in the

dishonest construction of prison buildings, but when it is wrung from the bodies and minds of helpless and suffering human beings it turns him savage and makes him yearn for the blood of the politicians responsible for it."

Like Warden Homer at Great Meadow, Mr. Clancy came to Sing Sing without having passed any examinations in the science of penology. Indeed, his appointment was a strictly political one, and he entered the prison service from a municipal department of New York City. He showed unusual force and capacity in his handling of the mutiny that occurred during the first week of his administration at Ossining, and his contact since that time with the unfortunates under his charge has aroused all the humanity in the nature of a fine type of the big-hearted, big-bodied Irish-American. Backed by the Superintendent of Prisons, Mr. John B. Riley, Warden Clancy has already effected reforms that make life far better worth living for the prisoners of Sing Sing, fearful though conditions are at their best. Sundays and holidays are no longer to be dreaded of all other days, for dinner is given the men as on week days and they are allowed to get together in the yards for exercise. For the first time in the history of the prison, which dates back to 1825, the men this year were out of their cells on Election Day; they now get the food for which the State pays, and there is little complaint among them on that score. The warden recently ordered 600 pounds of beef that was not up to the mark thrown into the Hudson, and the same fate not long afterward overtook a car-load of potatoes not fit to eat. On Thanksgiving Day the inmates of Sing Sing had a two-course dinner consisting of the best fresh fish and chickens to be had in the market, after which a vaudeville performance participated in by some of the leading stage artists of America was presented to their discriminating attention.

Warden Clancy has made strenuous efforts during his brief tenure of office to stamp out the illicit trade in drugs that is carried on in Sing Sing prison, but though—in spite of their political affiliations—he has discharged one keeper engaged in the traffic and forced two others to resign, he has not yet been able to prevent cocaine and morphine being smuggled in to the inmates. One of these—in prison parlance—"dope fiends" said to him not long ago: "You've put up the price, but you haven't stopped the sale." If it should seem strange to the casual reader that

transactions involving thousands of dollars annually may be carried on within prison walls despite all endeavors at prevention on the part of the warden, let the fact be considered that eighty or ninety small-salaried keepers are going in and out of Sing Sing daily, many of whom are putting in bank money made by the sale of drugs to habit-ridden inmates who would undergo torture rather than inform on the agents who bring them the wherewithal to deaden temporarily their sufferings. It is coalition between disreputable keepers and the more depraved of the prisoners that is accountable for the commission of the dreadful crimes that are of constant occurrence in Sing Sing prison. During one week in November two inmates who were suspected, and *only* suspected, of being informers as to these criminal practices were murderously beaten in one of the prison corridors by other prisoners whose identity it was impossible for the warden to prove. Of course both of these assaults were witnessed by keepers, none of whom would admit having seen an overt act committed.

Warden Clancy has abolished the use of the dark cell altogether. As rapidly as possible he is plastering the 1,200 cells that are continually occupied with plaster of paris for the purpose of destroying the vermin that have infested them for nearly a century, and he is installing new bed racks, mattresses, and improved cell buckets and water kits, and supplying additional blankets. He has applied for an appropriation whereby the men may have two suits of clothes, instead of being forced to wear one coat and pair of trousers until they begin to fall apart. He has remodeled the bath-houses which the Grand Jury criticised in its presentment last June, and installed shower-baths in the foundry and power-house, so that the inmates employed in the shops may go to their cells in as cleanly a condition as possible.

As might be imagined, in an institution conducted as Sing Sing has been, the most wretched of the prisoners, those in the death cells, were treated with the least consideration. Before Warden Clancy took charge at Ossining the food of the condemned men was cooked in old tomato cans in an otherwise disused kitchen in the same wing as their cells. Their last meal for the day was given them at three o'clock in the afternoon, and from that time until seven the next morning they went without food, because that arrangement best suited the convenience of their

keepers. One of the new warden's first acts was to order a range and cooking utensils for this kitchen, and to see that the prisoners' meals were served to them at reasonable hours. Illustrative of the density of the callus that indurates the souls of some of these prison keepers, an incident that occurred at Sing Sing last summer is perhaps worth relating. One of the men then awaiting the electric chair had received a dollar from his wife, who did washing for a livelihood for herself and children. The man asked a keeper going off duty to bring him a dozen peaches on his return. The keeper brought back in a bag some specimens of the fruit that might have cost a cent apiece, and returned twenty-five

cents out of the dollar. When the prisoner opened the bag, there were only nine of the peaches left.

It will be interesting to note just how far the politicians will allow Warden Clancy to go in his efforts to improve conditions at Sing Sing. "If politics interfere with my work here, I shall resign, and let everybody know the reason why," he said to me. "The horrors of this place no one can realize who has not experienced them. During my first week as warden, for the first time in many years, I knelt down and prayed to God for assistance, and a man in this position needs all the assistance he can get from God and man."

THE SPECTATOR

"MUTINY on the high seas"—what a rolling, thrilling phrase it is! The Spectator found himself looking for Israel Hands and Long John Silver among the twenty-three men sitting in two lines across the court-room, with the heap of shining handcuffs piled on the table at one side, and the white-haired United States marshal and his deputies on guard. The hearing was before the District Court Commissioner in a seaboard city, and the mutinous crew had been arrested on board ship at the Lewes Breakwater, at the entrance of Delaware Bay, and brought up by the revenue cutter. The hearing would decide whether they should be discharged or held for future trial. Mutinies are rare nowadays.

Short, stout, and self-important, the cook of the Manga Reva sat high in the vacant jury-box, facing the mutineers. Below him the gray-haired, haggard-faced captain, and the first mate, with a mouth like a steel trap, sat with one of the owners of the brig. Before the Commissioner's desk the District Attorney and the counsel for the defense were backed by the British and Norwegian consuls, and by counsel for the owners. Beside the Spectator, at the side of the room reserved for special visitors, a pleasant-faced little lady in deep black, with a black veil, regarded the prisoners with overflowing sympathy. "My husband worked for sailors for years, at the Seamen's Rest," she said to the Spectator, "and I know how these boys are

starved and beaten and used like dogs. Most of them can't understand English, and don't know what ships they are joining. Very likely they were all shipped drunk, by some boarding-house keeper who had taken all their money. No one knows what sailors have to go through, and most of them are tender-hearted and will do anything for people who are kind to them."

The Spectator himself was surprised at the boyishness of the crew. One was nineteen, a Norwegian, black-eyed, olive-skinned, and altogether unlike the Vikings. He was Ingwald Andersen, though, and couldn't speak anything but Scandinavian. There were four Andersens, all Norwegian, and none of them related. The cabin boy looked like a dwarf Jap, but turned out to be a Chilean, Antone Belaski by name. One old white-bearded prisoner had followed the sea for forty-three years. One neat-looking young Australian was that dreaded thing, a "sea lawyer." He and the rest did not seem, any of them, a day over thirty, and most of them looked like youths of the working class, no more dangerous or romantic than any boiler-shop or shipyard could furnish.

Nevertheless, mutiny it had been, on the testimony of the second mate, the cook, and one of the crew who made a clean breast of it when called to the stand. The authorities had not been sure about the second mate, a serious-looking Norwegian named Snobohm,

and he was in custody along with the crew. But when he was called to the stand, his story was straightforward and convincing. He had shipped as second mate of the brig for a "deep-water voyage" from Philadelphia to San Francisco, around the Horn. The crew had come on in detachments, many of them drunk. The cook was drunk the night they sailed down the bay; the first mate was drunk, and pulled one man out of his berth and abused him; the captain was drunk or sick, and spent all the first day "calling down" the men. No, he never saw the captain strike any sailor—not during the whole voyage. Yes, the captain may have kicked the men now and then. The men got no breakfast the first day out, but they had coffee at five in the morning. After that they were kept too busy to eat until two in the afternoon. He did not remember that this had happened again. But the men complained often of not having enough water. Two buckets a day were allowed to the crew. They came to the cook's galley and drank the brackish water there. Some said that they were going to drink salt water, they were so thirsty.

As for the actual mutiny, the second mate said that he came off watch at eight bells in the morning, and heard cries aft. He ran there, and found the first mate down and his hands bound, the captain with his head cut, a prisoner, and the cook bound, with blood running over his face. "Four men grabbed hold of me," said the witness. "They asked me if I wanted to join them and take the ship to port. They said they didn't want to harm me. I wouldn't join them, and they tied me, arms and feet, with ropes; they were tight, and I couldn't walk." Later they handcuffed the officers, put shackles on their feet, kept guard over them by day, and locked them in their cabins by night. Three men, one of them an Andersen, took watch and watch about on armed guard, handing the captain's revolver from one to the other when they changed guard—like the three weird Grææ whom Perseus saw with one eye between them. There was always a guard on the captain, who navigated the ship first toward Fayal, then back again toward the Capes. Snobohm did not join the mutiny, he testified, because he thought it "a wrong and foolish thing, and told the crew so," but on the direct question, "Were you ever on a voyage where

the men were treated so badly as on this?" the mate answered, gravely and emphatically, "Never."

The cook, Otto Tongler, who came next, was what might be called, in stage parlance, a "comic relief." Stout, shrewd, and very much on the side of constituted authority, he made the cross-examination so diverting at times that the crew grinned as well as the crowd. The counsel for the mutineers, and the consuls who sat behind him, consulted frequently during the cross-examination, and each time the cook would visibly stiffen himself for what might be coming, and meet it with infinite caution and resource. He was especially careful as to calling any one drunk, for some reason.

"Were you drunk the day the Manga Reva sailed?"

"No, sir," emphatically.

"You had been drinking, had you not?"

"I had had a drink."

"More than one drink?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"Were you not drunk, then?"

"No, sir! I was under liquor."

"Was the mate drunk that day?"

"No, sir!"

"Had he been drinking?"

"Perhaps, sir."

"But not drunk?"

"He had a little on him, sir."

"Was the captain drunk?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"Had he been drinking?"

"He could walk, sir."

"Did you ever see the captain affected, in any way, by liquor?"

"I have a doubt, sir, about when he fell down the steps, from top to bottom. The rest of them all said he was in liquor. But his head was cut, and he might have been sick."

The cross-examiner worked hard. He mopped his brow. The cook stood firm, asserting that he had given the men "full and plenty" by the captain's orders; that he usually had enough left from dinner to hash up for supper, and that there were plenty of potatoes and that there was no use for lime-juice.

"Did you ever hear the men complain of the food?" was asked.

"Not before the mutiny, sir," the cook replied, consideringly; "not ever a word. But afterward they complained all the while."

"About what?"

"I don't know, sir, except that they took turns in cooking."

As a last shot, when the lawyer asked how many deep-sea voyages he had made, and exactly how the thirty years of his seagoing life had been filled, the cook replied, dryly:

"I said thirty years off and on, sir. If I'd been thirty years on the water and never on land, the barnacles would be growing on me."

"There's no danger of barnacles growing on *you*!" said the cross-examiner, feelingly, and everybody laughed as Otto left the stand.

■

But when the one man among the crew who turned State's evidence, a young Scotch sailor named Wallace, came on the stand, it was serious business again. The plotting of the mutiny in the forecabin was gone through in detail. Three sailors were to bind the captain, two the first mate, two the second mate. Wallace was among those told off to bind the captain, but refused, and went off on his watch, thinking, he said, that the mutiny would really never come off. Still, he did not tell the captain; and when, next morning, the mutineers carried the thing through, he took a passive part in it. He knew the weight of his testimony, and expected no mercy, he said—"but he wanted it off his mind, and to tell the truth." His dark, bony, harsh-lined young face was set and dour, and he wiped the sweat from his forehead as he testified, opposing to the cross-examination a certain simple, unhappy sincerity that was impressive. Madness the mutiny had been, and no mistake. One by one the names of the ringleaders, as far as he knew them, were dragged out of him. Reluctantly but steadily he went over and picked them out, till seven stood up and confronted him, sullen and wretched all.

■

Wallace did not, however, know the names of many of his fellow-mutineers. It came out that neither the captain nor the mate knew the names of all the crew, and that they did not know each other's names—a strange testimony to the alien lives of seafaring men. None of that company had ever sailed with each other before, save possibly the captain and the first mate. Second mate, cook, cabin boy, crew, all met for the first time for this deep-sea voyage on the sailing day. The men had all signed the articles, but never heard them read, nor could half of them understand English at all. The majority

never had been on a deep-sea voyage before in their lives, and did not even know beforehand what ship they were joining or where they were bound. The captain said only six were of any value as seamen. Yet they had ended by joining forces as one man, had chosen the three oldest of their number as leaders, and had carried a successful mutiny almost to the end. If the captain had not managed to slip a note to the pilot at the Breakwater, they might have come into port at the pistol's point and scattered, and none been the wiser until it was too late. But the captain, with all his weakness, was too clever for them.

■

The hearing ran its course, and the twenty-two men were remanded for trial, the second mate only being allowed his freedom. "It is as clear a case of mutiny as I ever saw," said the owner's counsel to the Spectator. "If they had steered their own course to a foreign port, it might even cross the line to piracy. Justifiable? Mutiny is never justifiable in a legal way. No treatment of the crew can be regarded as a legal plea for mutiny. Self-defense? Well, if the captain should be about to kill a sailor, the sailor could, individually, exercise the right of self-defense and kill the captain. But concerted mutiny would not be justified even if one of the sailors were killed. The captain has the lives of the men and the safety of the ship in his hand, and he *must* be obeyed." "That's so," said the owner, who stood behind him; "the captain is responsible for the ship and men. This captain has been in our employ twenty-seven years and no complaint. It is a terrible affair for him to have such a thing happen under him. The crew has some villainous fellows in it, too."

■

"But they are such ignorant, helpless men," said the little lady in black, "and so young. May I go over and say a few words to them?" The marshal nodded, and the last thing the Spectator saw as he left the court-room was a wistful, gentle face confronting two rows of countenances suddenly grown even more boyish and pathetically attentive. They might have been a young men's Bible class in a mission Sunday-school, and they were acknowledged mutineers on the high seas. It is a queer world, and they that go down to the sea in ships are a mystery to the landsman, no matter how much he reads John Masefield.

THE NEW BOOKS

THE GOSPEL STORY IN ART¹

Mr. La Farge's posthumous volume is a religious book. On every page, it is true, it is instinct with the art idea. No book from Mr. La Farge could be otherwise. But the meaning of the Gospel story, deeply moving and soul-stirring, is evident from the moment when the reader glances at the frontispiece, Rembrandt's "Pilate," to the last pages, on which are pictured Giotto's and Paris Bordone's notions of the Pentecost. Between the covers there are some eighty reproductions of famous paintings. But these reproductions do not form the main feature of this volume. The text does. And that text is of worth both as an aid to religion and as an aid to art.

For this is a reverently written book as to religion, no matter how acute and enlightening the art criticism. A Roman Catholic, Mr. La Farge has the special sympathy and loyalty of Roman Catholics for the artists who tried both to depict the Gospel story on canvas or fresco and to glorify their Church. Though with many exceptions, theirs was in general a spiritual uplift as well as a struggle for expression in art. Mr. La Farge himself wrote of his proposed book:

The lesson to ourselves in these pages, which contain the record of impressions, at times contradictory, by men even more various than their work, is that we cannot know all the notes in the great song of the human soul. Nor can we now know whose were the hands that first worked; perhaps, as the poets tell us, we shall know them through some discovery, or at least in another world. Art was called by the Greeks a virtue; we may imagine, then, that the impressions of the bodily vision and of the earthly execution have passed away, and only the thought and intention remains.

Especially interesting in this connection is this reminiscence of Mr. La Farge's youth:

As a boy at college I was reading the Greek Testament, and was suddenly taken aback by the difficulty of bringing two associations—the one Jewish and the other Greek—together and then separating them again. The New Testament writer in Greek was obliged to use pagan words for his Jewish and Christian ideas. He had no choice. So, when the Jewish preacher talked in Greek on matters of spiritual connection between the visible world and another, almost all his words had meanings which were not really his own, and which did not represent the Jewish descent of thought. If it were so

with the words he used, how much more so it must have been with any attempt on his part to make pictures or statues representing or symbolizing his ideas! And so, when he first began to make pictures of religious subjects, Christian ones, he used pagan symbols—that is to say, those belonging to people around him—and his way of drawing and painting is exactly like that of the most abominable idolatries and immoral representations. The same painters who have left us the frescoes of the catacombs, where they buried their friends in Christian peace, must in the light of day have worked on the walls of their non-Christian friends upon the paintings which we see in the palaces, or in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

As to individual criticisms, a few should be noted as indicative of Mr. La Farge's spirit. When we think of painting as a religious art, Fra Angelico comes at once to our minds. Mr. La Farge says:

So perfectly was it understood that he was a "religious painter" that for a long time ignorance of his development (and, indeed, ignorance of the art of painting) prevented many admirers from understanding that the monk, apparently shut within his monastery, was also a leader in his art. (We realize, of course, that as a cleric he designs within the limits of necessities, within the limits of his calling). His "Adoration of the Magi" in San Marco is still within the mediæval feeling. The orderliness of arrangement, as well as a certain indifference to the setting, reminds of Giotto; nothing tells beholders where the event is happening, but it is an event, though not an unexpected one. All the figures move steadily to the persons they have come to see—the Child and his Mother; the modest Mother and the Child who blesses them. The older king stretches out at full length on the grassy ground, and (a touch of realism worthy of Giotto) one feels the stiffness of his arms; he will not rise easily.

Or, speaking of Leonardo's "Last Supper," Mr. La Farge says:

The Saviour bends His eyes down; His thought is on Himself; He is abstaining from looking, so as not to see the traitor Judas. . . . That knowledge of the treachery or the dereliction of the friend is to us all the one cruel thing, the sorrow which makes Him one of us, and us one with Him. He has just spoken and is now silent. His two hands on the table represent the previous attitude of speech; the one is open, the other turned away, and those hands are near to the hand of Judas—"Behold, the hand of him who betrayeth me is with me on the table."

Or of the various representations of the "Ecce Homo" we read:

The "Ecce Homo" by Correggio, in the National Gallery of London, is perhaps the greatest of all. The scene is imaginary, for the fainting Mother is not in the story, but she adds

¹The Gospel Story in Art. By John La Farge. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$5.

to the meaning, by supplying a representative of our own pity, carried out in the ideal of womanhood, whose name for centuries has lifted woman from abasement or intellectual contempt by placing before the minds of men the infinite capacity for sympathy and help which belongs and has belonged in every form of life to woman.

For Mr. La Farge the great depictees of the Gospel story apparently ended when

Rembrandt died. At all events, we are told:

The eighteenth century is not to be taken seriously. Pictures may fill churches and go on in Venice until almost the end; in the nineteenth, Goya in Spain may make us feel his own regret at having missed his chance; Delacroix will paint five or six times something from the Bible story—even Corot may breathe a prayer—but authoritatively there is nothing.

Our Irish Theatre. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

This is a very informal, somewhat intimate, and thoroughly interesting account of the enterprise which has so deeply engaged Lady Gregory's mind and heart during the last twelve or fifteen years. The recent Irish drama has had far more reality behind it than many skeptical people supposed would ever come out of the Celtic movement. It has produced a number of plays of striking originality, freshness of feeling, and imagination. Lady Gregory herself has been an important contributor to this group of plays, so has Mr. Yeats; but the most striking contribution to this considerable dramatic literature has been the plays of Synge, a man of genius, somewhat narrow, it is true, and distinctly local, but original and real. The struggles to secure a home for the movement, and, above all, to secure a hearing for some of the plays, is told by Lady Gregory with a good deal of humor, and is a very entertaining tale of the kind of stupidity which prompts people to try to "hold back the dawn by wringing the neck of the crowing cock." It has been ineffective a thousand times, but it will doubtless be repeated a thousand times more. The story of "The Playboy" in this country reads like an old-fashioned Irish farce, and is a striking proof of a fact which some clear-headed Irishmen often try to impress on unbelieving ears: that a great many Irishmen are entirely devoid of the sense of humor. The attempt to make the mob a censor and drive "The Playboy" off the stage was perhaps as striking an evidence of lack of humor as well as of good sense as modern times have seen. Here is George Bernard Shaw's reply to a reporter of the New York "Evening Sun," who began:

"Surely America, with its immense Irish element—" "Rubbish!" said the brilliant Irishman. "There are not half a dozen real Irishmen in America outside that company of actors! You don't suppose that all these Murphys and Doolans and Donovans and Farrells and Caseys and O'Connells who call themselves by romantic names, like the Clan-na-gael and the like, are Irishmen?"

And Mr. Shaw summed up the whole matter when he said of "The Playboy:"

This play was not about an Irish peculiarity, but about a universal weakness of mankind: the habit of admiring bold scoundrels.

Bold scoundrels are to be found in every literature, and as long as they are interesting and hit off race weaknesses, even in an extravagant

way, they are very welcome. To abolish them from the stage would be to send Falstaff, Tartarin, and a whole company of the most interesting people in fiction into retirement. It is a pity that some Irishmen cannot recognize a real Irishman of genius when he comes on the stage.

Our Common Road. By Agnes Edwards. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

No doubt "Our Common Road" will find its way to many a Christmas table. These "morning talks" have appeared in the Boston "Herald," and present the sincere, every-day view of life that appeals most strongly to women whose daily routine of work prevents connected reading. It is useful to look into the mirror held up in the talk called "Running Around."

Stranger at the Gate (The). By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

A pretty Christmas story by Mabel Osgood Wright pleads strongly for a renewal of former ideals in family life. "The Stranger at the Gate" comes and goes in semi-mystery, but is a direct influence for good while he stays with his hitherto unknown hosts. A successful, absorbed business man, neglecting wife, children, father, and mother for his daily routine, is stung to consciousness of danger by the stranger's fearless words, and by the threatened results of his own blindness to the higher interests of living. The family group are real persons, and the little story bears a needed message to the present day.

Religion in Social Action. By Graham Taylor. With an Introduction by Jane Addams. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Anything which Dr. Graham Taylor writes on social questions is worth hearing and heeding. His settlement work in Chicago is not as widely known as that of Jane Addams, but is not less efficient. He has been frankly Christian, and he has proved that it is possible to carry on social settlement inspired by loyalty to Jesus Christ, provided the object is to make men and women better and happier, not to make them members of a sect. In this series of essays he undertakes to show that individualism is impossible. Man cannot live alone: cannot even know himself except as he knows his neighbor; cannot do anything for his neighbor without improving his neighbor's surroundings; cannot

be truly devout by himself, for Christ can be in the individual only as the individual recognizes himself as a member of society. It is the Church, not the individual, which is the body of Christ; and the history of the family, of society, of industry, of the city, shows that social fellowship is essential to religion and religion is essential to true social fellowship.

Friendly Road (The). By David Grayson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.35.

We believe that the real identity of David Grayson, the man, is still veiled in mystery of his own making; but most readers are now quite familiar with the writer who has delighted many with his "Adventures in Contentment" and "Friendship." These will be glad to follow him along "The Friendly Road" and share the adventures that must come to one who depends solely on his personality and a tin whistle to win him nights' lodgings and food during his tramp. With him we make the acquaintance of a number of interesting people; and there are talks of many things by the way. David Grayson's philosophy is simple and of a kind that cannot be rehearsed too often: that happiness is not had for the seeking, but comes quietly as a by-product of doing one's duty; that friendship is a very simple yet precious thing, and is to be found alike among those who whirl by in motor cars and those who tramp the highway with a pack; that the one thing needful is occasionally to rest from one's labors and gaze across the meadows, or up at the stars, and trust in the Lord.

Narrow Way (A). By Mary Findlater. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

A certain Jane Austen spirit makes these pages wholesome, true, and witty. Home life on Morningsfield Terrace in one of a "prosaic row of villas," where old Miss Cameron and her niece Kitty went through the daily routine and were content, is described in detail and with humorous appreciation. Into this haven comes a man relative to stay a whole week, an unheard-of invasion since a missionary had spent a day with the ladies long ago. From his advent dates the quiet growth of sensible Kitty's character and influence. It is impossible to indicate the elusive charm of this simple transcript of provincial England. Underneath all the petty happenings of her restricted life Kitty is aware of the noble meaning, and with a refreshingly cheerful spirit sees and uses the best.

Myths of Mexico and Peru (The). By Lewis Spence. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.50.

Europeans often speak of America as "a continent without a history," a statement without foundation; for the romance of Old America, which centers about Mexico and Peru, is as curious and as interesting as that bound up in the history of Egypt or Assyria. In this instance the author has taken for his line of

investigation the myths of the natives who live in the regions where the extensive and highly interesting ruins of peoples of whom all knowledge seems to have been lost are situated, and from them has developed a working theory contrary to the prevalent one that members of these prehistoric races had their origin in Asia. Mr. Spence is not an amateur in this line of investigation. He has to his credit several other books on this subject, and the theory he sets forth will interest scholars of mythical lore, while the myths themselves will provide interesting reading for all those who delight in the unusual which at the same time evokes the spirit of a bygone age. The book is illustrated with sixty-four elaborate full-page drawings.

Social and Economic Forces in American History. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, LL.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

This volume, containing twenty-eight chapters by different writers on historical phases in American life, will be valuable rather to the historical student than to the general reader.

Organized Democracy. By Frederick A. Cleveland, Ph.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

A scholarly discussion of fundamental questions relating to the political life of the American Republic. It is both historical and theoretical, and bears on its face, and in the very elaborate bibliographies which accompany it, the evidence of thorough scholarship and also of original thinking. It is a book which should find its place in the library of the political editor.

Lure of the Little Drum (The). By Margaret Peterson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

Every one who has heard the throb of the native drum as it is fingered in the Indian dusk will be attracted to a story written by Margaret Peterson, winner of the first prize in a competition judged by Joseph Conrad and W. J. Locke. The old question of racial contact in India is treated by one evidently familiar with present conditions, and incidentally an interesting comment is offered upon the contention of H. Fielding Hall (in the "Atlantic") that the modern Indian military man or civil servant does not even care to understand the native, and, going still farther, that he finds him repugnant. The group of English residents, the tea planter's widow, the Scotch political agent at Bhopure, and the Indian prince, with lifelike glimpses of the bazaar and villages, fill these pages with color.

General John Regan. By G. A. Birmingham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.20.

Canon Hanay—for it is now an open secret that this is the name of the Irish humorist who wrote "Spanish Gold" and other whimsical tales—in his new story, and in the comedy made from it now playing in New York, has treated a

ludicrously conceived situation in an irresistibly and deliciously amusing manner. He pursues the fantastic idea of the proposed statue to the entirely non-existent deliverer of Bolivia with seeming gravity, but there is a smile lurking in every page.

Leisurely Tour in England (A). By J. J. Hissey. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

Mr. Hissey really did travel leisurely, although he traveled by motor car. He was marvelously successful in finding old churches, old inns, old mansions and moated granges, and charming bits of the English countryside. Most travelers and many Englishmen never even heard the names of these places. The author writes as he travels—leisurely; he has a quiet sense of humor, tells stories well and apropos, and is an excellent photographer, as his pictures show. Altogether the book is eminently enjoyable to all lovers of the quiet life and the old times.

George Du Maurier, Satirist of the Victorian Age. By T. Martin Wood. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Any book about Du Maurier is welcome both because of his interesting personality and because it must have reproductions of his pictures, which one never tires of re-seeing. Mr. Wood's book is a good one from every point of view, and emphatically so in the analysis of the peculiar quality of Du Maurier's stingless satire. When again shall we see an illustrator capable of writing a book like "Peter Ibbetson," or a novelist capable of illustrating his own work, as did Du Maurier?

Truth about Camilla (The). By Gertrude Hall. The Century Company, New York. \$1.30.

The truth about Camilla is told somewhat relentlessly. One is reminded of "Tante," yet Camilla, in spite of her terribly dominant spirit, leaves us in a more sympathetic mood than did the heroine of Mrs. Sedgwick's art. Familiarity with Italy and the Italians, a comprehension of the Latin point of view, and marked ability to portray with perfect attention to detail equip the author for her creation of Camilla.

Rose of Old Quebec (A). By Ann Hollingsworth Wharton. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

"A Rose of Old Quebec" is a rather labored historical romance, revolving about Admiral Lord Nelson in his early youth. Prettily illustrated and conscientiously written, it leaves the reader cold to both hero and heroine.

Susette. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.25.

The twenty-third birthday of the heir of an English title is celebrated in Paris at the "Cochon Bleu" with suitable companions and after-effects. Assuming his title at this moment, the youth takes his two younger brothers on his yacht to the South Seas in order to have time to consider their future. Wrecked and cast up alone on an island, his adventures de-

velop his character, in association with Susette and her mysterious father, sole inhabitants of the island. With this glimpse of the plot, the reader of this entertaining story will be sure to finish it and learn the issue of the romance. There is a decidedly clever touch in handling the rather sensational situations.

Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals. By T. H. S. Escott. The John Lane Company, New York. \$3.50.

In many ways this work supplements the autobiography, and much of the material was derived directly from Trollope himself. The book will interest those who have what may be called the Trollope taste—to many readers his novels seem slow and dull, to many others (among whom we beg to be classed) they have a leisurely charm all their own, and as a reflection of the social life and opinions of a generation ago they are faithful and unique. Mr. Escott analyzes and describes the novels somewhat too minutely, but shows the sources of his author's knowledge and the originals of his chief personages in an interesting fashion.

Youth's Encounter. By Compton Mackenzie. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

The keynote of Mr. Mackenzie's story is seen in his quotation from Keats: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." This story is a searching, intimate, convincing study—not of the boy, but of a boy. It oversteps the line of good taste in some points, but apart from such lapses is vivid in character development and thoroughly readable.

Graduate College of Princeton (The). By Andrew F. West. Princeton University Press, Princeton. 50 cents.

Dean West, of the new Graduate College at Princeton, has expanded his recent illuminating "Century" article into a small book which has been adorned by exquisite illustrations of the Cleveland Tower and the new college buildings. The recent dedication of the Graduate College makes this a timely publication. Many of those who were present at the impressive dedication will be glad to have this volume as a souvenir of that occasion.

Old Spanish Missions of California (The). By Paul Elder. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$3.50.

Mr. Paul Elder has published a sumptuous volume, all in gray tones and lavishly illustrated from photographs in soft bromide tints. The book comprises a description of the old Spanish missions of California. Mr. Elder summarizes the history of the mission and the romance that has clung to them. The work is also a contribution to our better knowledge of the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Franciscan missionaries.

BY THE WAY

A feature of the holiday season this year, says the New York "Times," is the increased amount of goods that are retailed at 5, 10, and 25 cents. The great success throughout the country of stores that specialize in articles for these prices probably accounts for their wider sale in department stores generally.

The Fourth of July has set the example for a "safe and sane" celebration of a holiday, and New Year's should follow this good example throughout the country. Chicago has already prohibited horn-blowing and other raucous nuisances on New Year's Eve.

Woman's traditional vanity disappears before the persuasions of the theatrical press agent. A French actress who has recently appeared in vaudeville in this country has been heralded by her managers as "the ugliest woman in the world." Perhaps this description was suggested by the secondary announcement that the lady in question had the "smallest waist of any woman in the world."

A famous swimmer, Captain Alfred Brown, swam through the Panama Canal recently. The locks were filled and opened for him, and in the two days' swim he covered forty-one miles—twenty-four miles the first day, seventeen the second. He was in the water twenty-four hours and forty-five minutes. The only discomfort he complained of was the excessive heat.

"Christmas stamps," it should be remembered by persons sending gifts, must not be put on the address side of packages, for such use makes the package unmailable. Care should also be exercised not to seal parcels with these stamps, as this would cause the package to be held for postage.

Lille, according to a writer in the London "Academy," is one of the few uninteresting towns of France. He went there "obstinate in the belief that no town in France with over 200,000 inhabitants could be entirely without interest," but finally "fled to the station, defeated, and took train for Laon." In justice, however, the critic makes the considerable admission that "Lille has perhaps the finest collection of pictures in France outside Paris."

"Is a doughnut ever a cruller?" asks a culinary artist. "Does the hole itself determine the baptismal name?" Apparently the names are interchangeable for a cake cooked in boiling lard; the cruller is "often ring-shaped," but this term may be applied to the spherical, twisted, or wedge-shaped article as well. Cruller is Dutch in origin and the name prevails where Dutch traditions are found. Doughnut is the English word and prevails in New England. Some maintain that one is raised with baking

powder, the other not; but opinions seem to differ as to which is which.

A "juvenile democracy" has been organized among school-boys in New York City. The first primary election is to take place in January. The girls of one school, on hearing of the movement, wrote to the organizer: "We want to vote too. Boys should not have the franchise to themselves." The suggestion had its effect, and the girls will control one division of the School Republic.

Benvenuto Cellini's account of the sack of Rome is a classic in the literary chamber of horrors, but it is outdone in intensity and in dreadful detail by a narrative of the sack of Yangchoufu, China, in 1645, published in the December "Atlantic." The description is by an eye-witness and a victim of the Manchu soldiers' rage, through which a city of a million inhabitants was almost completely destroyed. The reading of a narrative such as this has one good effect—it makes us ashamed to complain of our own troubles.

"He said he was for many years a cashier for a large downtown firm and earned a good salary. He left his position to play the stock market. The speculation fever stuck to him and he made as high as \$10,000 and \$12,000 a year. Then his luck turned." And the sequel was that he was arrested for trying to defraud a jeweler by passing a forged check.

In the endeavor to stop reckless speeding by automobilists recently in New York City, hundreds of chauffeurs have been arrested and fined. One woman who had driven her car at a dangerous speed was among the persons arrested; she was fined \$25, but protested that she was too poor to pay the fine and elected to spend a day in jail instead.

Mr. George Westinghouse has been honored by the bestowal of the Grashof medal by the Verein Deutscher Ingenieure, one of the principal engineering societies of Germany. Mr. Westinghouse is said to be the first American to receive this medal.

Miss Marion Burritt, field secretary of the Peace Association, in a recent address gave some telling illustrations of the cost of war. "The college education of a boy or girl, averaging \$1,700 in cost, goes up in smoke every time one of the biggest guns is fired," she said. "One per cent interest on the value of a dreadnought would pay the combined salaries of the college presidents of the country." "If the war debt of Europe were piled up in \$1 bills it would make a stack 104 miles high."

A Havana boy is to play on the "Giants" (New York) baseball club next season. He is

only seventeen years old, but is reported to be a real phenomenon, the "boy wonder" of the Cuban baseball leagues.

In a baby contest in Jersey City the first place was won by a waif, Georgie Dean, deserted by his parents and brought up in the city hospital. That kind of hospital and that kind of waif deserve some free advertising.

An Arab who visited New York City is said to have sent this letter home: "People in America travel like rats under the ground [meaning the subway], and like squirrels in the air [meaning the elevated railways], and the buildings are so high that people have to be put in square boxes and pulled to the top by heavy ropes [meaning the elevator]. In the day the sun furnishes light the same as in Morocco. At night the light is as strong as the day, but people here do not seem to have much use for sleep, as the streets are just as crowded at night as in the day."

There are about 2,440,000 freight cars in the United States, according to a recent report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. One of the most significant items in this report is that the enormous number of 43,000 freight cars are used solely for the transportation of automobiles.

Among the French troops in Africa typhoid fever is reported to have been almost eliminated where inoculation is practiced—only one case in 5,000 being reported among the inoculated men, while among those who were not treated with the vaccine sixteen per cent are reported as having contracted the disease.

The march of improvements in New York City results in tearing down many new buildings only a few years after their erection. The first "sky-scraper" office building, the Tower Building at 50 Broadway, is soon to be demolished to make way for a bigger and better edifice.

In guessing at the possible form of the American yacht that is to compete next September in the race for the America's Cup, "Yachting" says: "Half a dozen times . . . the Herreshoff family has set tradition at naught and has achieved something in the way of speed on the water that was previously considered impossible." These nautical wonders were: the original racing catamaran, the steam yacht "No. 100," the Stiletto, which "made circles around the fastest yachts of the time," and the Gloriana and the Wasp. "Yachting" thinks that perhaps "Nat" Herreshoff has some new radical departure in preparation for the big race next fall.

Four of the largest automobile factories in Detroit last year employed altogether 22,600 men. This year the same companies are said to be employing 30,070 men. Another company, which is now employing fewer men than last year, has so improved its manufacturing

methods that it reports that it is nevertheless shipping forty to fifty per cent more cars than a year ago.

At an exhibition of the first editions of one hundred famous books, owned by Charles Scribner's Sons, one of the most important books was a "Tully," a product of the Caxton Press, valued at \$12,500; a "Kilmarnock Burns," priced at \$2,500; the first English translation of "Don Quixote," valued at \$3,750; a "Robinson Crusoe," held at \$1,250; the "Wicked Regent's" copy of Molière, \$3,250; and, somewhat strangely, Captain Marryat's "Settlers in Canada," priced at \$1,225.

In an essay on "The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling" in a recent issue of the "Forum," Mr. J. D. Ferguson places under the heads of "verse and doggerel" "most of the 'Departmental Ditties' and the greater part of the political poems." "McAndrew's Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" win the critic's highest praise, however, as "the high-water mark of Kipling's achievements in the portrayal of character in verse. The portrait of the 'dour Scots engineer' is a creation that Sir Walter Scott might be proud of."

Travelers who think the subway companies in New York City are entirely indifferent to public convenience will be interested in the statement that, in order to prevent disagreeable noises that otherwise would annoy passengers, fifteen barrels of grease are used each month to lubricate rails on curves in the subway, and that the tracks at Times Square are thus lubricated five times each day.

Professor Beckman, of the Iowa State College, in a recent address said: "The newspaper style is the clearest, most concise, and most interesting style in which things can be written." The "Scoop," of Chicago, written by newspaper men, comments: "No two newspapers have the same style. Most of the news stuff is written in a manner that would not pass any literary test. There is no standard. There never was but one newspaper that held its matter down to the pith and had all of it written in perfect English. That was the New York 'Sun' under the editorship of Charles A. Dana. The reason there never was another was that there was only one Dana."

Indian Summer, a subscriber writes, apropos of a recent note in this department, "comes in November (in the Middle States) after 'squaw winter,' or after some brief but real winter weather." A friend who has a good memory for poetry, however, says that, according to "Hiawatha," the season comes in December. He quotes:

"Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes."